The Fatal Contract,

A *French*

TRAGEDY:

As it Was Acted With Great Applause by her *Majesties* SERVANTS.

Written by William Hemings, *Master of Arts of* Oxon.

Printed by the Originall Copy.

Printed at *London* for *Andrew Pennycuicke*, in the Year, 1654

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To the Right Honourable, *James* Compton Earl of *Northampton*, and Lord *Compton*, &c. and to *Isabella* his vertuous Countesse.

My Lord,

THis Poem was composed by a worthy Gentleman at hours of his recess from happier employments. In his life he was above the Sphere of common Writers, and though at death he left greater Monuments of his worth and abilitie, yet this piece had justly gain'd an esteem with men of excellent judgement; and having suffered very much by private Transcripts, where it past through many hands as a Curiosity of Wit and Language, it is now emergent from darkness, and appears in a publike dresse, having shaken off some dust and imperfections that too usually waits upon multiplied Copies.

My Lord, If we had not confidence that the merit of this Poem would excuse the boldnesse of this Dedication, we would not have attempted so great a slight as your name. We humbly beseech your Honour to peruse it when you will descend to a recreation of this nature: And let not our Names that attend it, by meanesse and want of Ornament, be thought a stain to what we have presented; for though our sails are not filled with so much happy air and breath of the World, yet our small and plain Vessels are fraught with as true faith & humility to serve you, as that which carries more fire and noise to proclaim their devotions: And in the assurance that your mercy will vouchsafe us your protection, we cast our selves at your feet,

My Lord,

The humblest of those that pray for your Honours happinesse.

A. T.

A. P.

The Persons of the Play.

Childerick, an old King of *France*.
Clotair, the young King.
Clovis, the Monsieur.
Landrey, Favorite to the Queen, and raised by her favour to be Duke of *France*, and Maior of the Palace.
Boissat, an old Peer of *France*.
Boissat his Sonne.
Lords for Attendants.

Lenox, *Dunnois*, } two banished Lords.

Montell, *Bourbon*, *Longueville*, } Noble men of *France*, and friends of the banished Lords.

Clotilda, by the name of *Isabella*, as an Exile.
Fredegund, the Queen.
Ephelia, Old *Boissat*'s Daughter.
Isabella, a Lady that waited on *Ephelia*.
Two Ladies in Attendance.
Executioner, when *Ephelia* is to be beheaded.
Two Young men to bear the Herse.
Officers of the Guard.
Attendants.
Musicians.
A *Page* to *Boissat*. Jun.
A *Lackey*.

The Fatall Contract,

A TRAGEDY.

Actus Primus, Scena prima.

Enter *Lamot* and *Dimaine* like Souldiers.

Dim.

WEarenot safe *Lamot*, this hostile grace
Begets a war within me; our swords worn
For Ornament, not use, the Drum & Trumpet
Slug-drunk as Carrols, and the Canon speaks
Health, not constrution, Ile mass turn'd to Cupes
Our bruised Armes admit no other discourse
For Tables and for Taverns, where the Souldier
Oft finds a pitty, nor relicfe: I'l tell thee,
We'r walking shaddowes, the figures of men,
And bear about us nothing but the forme
Of what that's manly.

Lam. Was't cold indeed.

Dim. Yes, and th'ungrassfull time
As coldly doth rewards us, all our actions,
Attempts of valour, look'd into with eyes
Fil'd with contempts, whereas Gods ye know
It is our gifts they see yet: oh I am mad!
The very bread that feeds them like to scorn us,
Our blood lost, paid for, yet demands a bill,
Or ask of this old fumes belli'd in
Or Madam roosh'd with her velvet Semes,
And scarce shall hear their coaches hungs prosumes
The [illegible] Whip stock,

Lam. Prethee conceale thy selfe.

Dam. Thou knowst I can;
With what delight I could endure this breath
Under the frozen climate of the North,
Where in mine armes (the sheets of war) I slept,
My bed being strew'd with the down of heaven?
I have slin downe many a field like a snow-ball.
Thereabouts have been my pallaces, which I've born
As willingly as I received them nobly.
The Queenes black scorn which doth still remaine,
And peeps through every limb she bears about her,
Fatall to princes, did not (well consider'd)
No nor this willing beggery I weare
To cloud me from her malice; by the Gods
This bastard-getting peace affrights me,
A greater terrour to my active soule,
Than all past life what ever.

Lam. As you are valliant be wise too, this is no time
To vent your passions like a woman in,
Your sword, not tongue, should speak.

Dam. You are an expert Tutor, and I thank you;
Our wrongs would add a fourie to the dead:
And make them fight our quarrels:—but look here

Enter Landrey, *and two or three insulting Lords, hoysing two courtiers, and three or foure* Petitioners.

The minion of our Queene, oh what a traine
The painted Peacock drawes! death, were I free
But onely for this Game,

Petit. Good your honour, our wives and Children,
Good your honour heare us.

Lan. Where are our slaves? keep off these dregs of men,
The scum and out-cast of the world; bring round my chariot
To the postern Gate, these hell-mouth'd Mastifs
Split mine eares with noise, make hast before
Least my great Mistris wait my coming.

Exit.

Petit.

Pui. Good your honour. [Exeunt.

1 *Pui.* The devill take your preaching, we must follow.

Dum. These are the fruits of bold upstarts and flatterers.
Tell me Lamet, can this thing Monsternean
Think, or commit a fin though ne're so horrid,
But he's excused o'th, and from his sins
Excessive praise and glorious service?
Were I the King, but for a while I bleed,
And by the hornes the stocks here fast asleep,
Before the wanton and hot-blooded Queene
Should have the license but to be suspected
With such a Knight of Ginger-bread as this,
A gilded flesh-fly, I would lock her up,
Yea chain the evill Angel in a Box,
And houſe her like a silke-worme.

Lam. Pardon me sir, the good old King's unable.

Dum. And therefore must satanic an upstart Page,
Now rais'd to honours by her lawleſs luſt,
Maior of the Palace, and the Duke of Fraunce,
The next ſtept is the Crown, now by my life
'Twere good the King would cracke them both.

Lam. Alas he dares not, for the no leſs Queene
Is as her birth, as great in faction,
Followed and feared by the multitude,
Whoſe judgement for both lincks down to her Purſe,
And rather bought a love than fought it;
She ha's a working ſpirit, an active braine,
Apt to conceive, and ready to her will;
Beſides, her Sonne, the ſtillowes of the Land
Support her like an Atlas, where he ſits,
And like the heavens commands our fates beneath her;
She is the greateſt Agent, the King a Bar
That onely ſtarts her through her luſtfulneſſe.

Dum. Faith, the disorder of the world, how out of tune,
What [illegible]

Lam. Why, are you ignorant?
This is a night of jubile, and the King
Solemnly feasts for his wars happie successe.
Besides his Sons and Peers are late arriv'd,
We shall have Masks and Revelling to night.

Dum. Now the great Gods confound this pick-thanck pollie,
The Drums and Trumpets are turn'd flatterers,
And *Mars* himself a Bawd to grace their riot.
O I am mad, this grates my very Gall.

Lam. What man, bear up;
Although I wish all civill discord hence,
Yet I do hope a time wherein we Souldiers,
Shall like a moving wall of living steel,
Defend this City that offends us now.

Dum. My thoughts keep not your road, I think,
The devillish spirit of the haughty Queen,
Will find employment for us yet, her brain
Is very active in exploits that breed
The Souldiers harvest, war and dissention.

Enter the Ladies with bags of Gold, gives to each of them one; and after a little pause departs.

Lam. What vision's this? 'tis Gold right and fair,
Sure I dreame not.

Dum. I cannot tell, but he that takes this from me,
Shall soon perceive I do not sleep nor slumber.

Lam. It was the Kinsmen,

Dum. That needs no deciding.

Lam. What speaks the Paper left behind?
If it be Cheese to this dum shew, read it *Dumaine.*

The Letter.

As you are Souldiers truly valiant; I honour you as poor, I pitty you; therefore have sent you that will render you as compleat Courtiers, as undaunted Souldiers: we know your present fortunes scarce your parentage, which was not onely great in it self, but fortunate into fair an off-spring: *Dumaine, Lamar*, let it suffice we know you for our eye is every

where,

where while I remember your murther, I shall forget your parents injuries; feare nothing, for your hitherto concealement, I get your pardons, and while I breath, breath your loud thankfulness: if you dare trust me, appear at Court so night so adorned, as shall become your honours, our friends

Lenox. The Queene!

Dunc. We are betraid Lenox, what shall we do?

Len. Wee'l take the gracious proffer of the Queene,
Shee's princely vow'd our friend; besides what ill
Can we expect from her, who might have sent
Her murdering ministers and slaine us here,
If she intended foul play? but she's noble.

Dunc. Noble, grant her so, yet——

Len. What yet?

Dunc. Her murdred Brothers memory——

Len. When he fell, we were too young for traytors.

Dunc. But not for torments, had we been apprehended
For in the high displeasure of the Queen,
All our posterity was doom'd; some felt the wheel,
Some wrack'd, some hang'd, others impal'd on stakes,
With divers strange and horrid formes of death,
That you'd have thought, and fitly thought it too,
That all the torments which the Poets feign
The damned spirits exercise in Hell,
Had here been put in execution;
And had not we been then in Westminster,
Beyond the fury of her mortall spleen,
We had added to the number of the dead;
Then think you still we shall not?

Len. Now by my life it's murder to suspect her,
Our lives are all that we can lose, our fame,
Nor time nor Art can murder, so we'l venture. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENA II.

Enter Prestigond the Queene, and the Eunuch.

Qu. What conference had they naturals with thee?

Eu. None farther than the language of their eyes.

They look'd on me as if they meant me courtesie,
Which their amazement rob'd me off.

Qu. Spake they not then at all?

Ea. Not a word,
They seem'd to me as if they knew no language.

Qu. You know them not?

Ea. No dearest Lady, for th'appear'd to me
Like to the silent postures in the Arras,
Onely the form of men with stranger faces.

Qu. Take it on then, they are our enemies,
Whom I have angled with that golden bait;
Their parents waded in my Brothers blood,
For which i'l be reveng'd of all their kin,
Could they increase as oft as I would kill,
I'd ever kill that they might still increase:
This picture drawn by an *Italian*
(Which still I keep to whet mine anger)
Does represent the murder of my brother,
For ravishing this beautious piece of ill;
A bloody and a terrible mistake,
To murder *Cledanet* for *Clotaire* fact,
For which behold how *Prodigasa*'s reveng'd,
This old *Dumain* and father to this maid,
With all his kindred, sociates and allies,
(These brace of wicked ones, and that rare whore,
The fair and fatall cause of these events)
Onely excepted) are here, here in this picture:
Is't not a brave sight, how doth the object like thee?
How prettily that babie hangs by th'heels,
Sprawling his Armes about his mothers wombe,
As if againe he sought for shelter there?
Here's one bereft of hands, and this of tongue,
Finger thy Lute *Mirla*, sing on *Hylas*.
Hark, hark *Cadrate*, the musick of the Spheares,
O ravishing sounds, hark how the eccho's voices
Ecchoes the Lute, is't not a divine softnesse?
Ha ah ha, I do expect they now should ravish extremely;
I prethee scold at me good *Hylas*,

Draw the curtains and shew the picture.

Sophie.

A little of the woman; no *Amazon*,
Within the cloathed circle of mine eye,
Anchor thy fingers, alas, thy nailes are par'd,
Nor has poor *Scotland* a weapon to furnish with,
And here's the Grandame with her glares out;
Saddle her nose with spectacles, we'll
Shee'l miss her way on the Infernall plaine,
Tow horie Grey-beard in this single fight,
Will find their way to Hell without their eyes,
Villaines that kill'd my Brother, how does this like thee?
To execute men in pictures, is not rare! (*Stabs the picture.*
Eu. Were but *Clorinda* here, and those two youngsters,
It were a pastime for the Gods to gaze on.
Oh were I but a man as others are,
As kind and open-handed nature made me,
With Organs apt and fit for womans service,
Qu. What if thou were?
Eu. What if I were great Queene?
I'd search the Deserts, Mountaines, Vallies, Plaines,
Till I had met *Clorinda*, whom by force
I'd make to mingle with these foetid limbs,
Till I had got on her one like to me,
Whom I would nourish for the Damnèd Host,
That time to come might be slaves to the world,
They had the Devil to stand Queene-fathers.
Qu. I find thee Eunuch apt for my employments,
Therefore I will unclaspe my soul to thee,
I've alwaies found thee trusty, and I love thee.
Eu. With thanks I ever must acknowledge it, *Kneels.*
And lay my life at my great Mistress feet,
To spend it when she please.
Qu. We need it not
As yet *Castrea*, but we may heare after.
See, their's the plat-forme of great *Guidrick* death,
And they which must be the chiefe in his murder trayn,
Our Enemies, and now new Converts,
Whom hitherto I have reserv'd for policy;

Flist,

First, that they take away the guilt from us;
Next, being apprehended, finding trouble,
The heads of all our Engineers shall fix
T'invent unheard of torments for the slaves;
I long to see them here, here in this house,
Greeting their kindreds bones.

Eu. You are the Goddess of invention.

Qu. Then I'l commend her to my elder Son,
Where thou shalt wind into his fierce thoughts;
As for the younger Boy let me alone;
And when we have them on the hip, they shall
Follow their Fathers unto *Hells-black-Hall*.

Eu. Still better.

Qu. Will not this be brave? ha, how lik'st thou this?
Now by this light I'm taken strangely with thee,
Come kiss me, kiss me first, tremble not. (*Queene kisses him.*)
Fie, what a January lip thou hast,
A paire of Isicles, sure thou hast bought
A paire of cast lips of the chast *Diana's*,
Thy blood's meere snow-broth, kiss me again. (*again*)
Now see if you can find these gallants forth,
And bring them to our presence. *Exit Eumelo.*
O sir y'are welcome; *Enter Landrey.*
Your visits have been freer, but I grow old,
And you command the beauties of the time.

Lan. What means my noble Mistress? think you the blood
Runnes so degenerate within these veins,
To stoop to an inferiour imbrace,
When I injoy the best.

Qu. We are betraid:
I'l tell thee a good jest *Landry*, pray mistake,
This morning dressing my head my husband came,
And with his switch (for he was then to hunt,
A gentle stroke he gave me on the back)
My fancy busied then to make me fine,
Supposing it was you that sported so,
(Not dreaming that the dotard was so neere)

Cut'd

Cri'd, well my Landrey, in flory we ſhall find,
The beſt Knights ſtrike before and not behind:
The King who alwaies underſtood too faſt,
Quits ſuddenly my Chambers what he intends
I cannot gueſs, unleſs it be our deaths,
Which if he ſpeedily perform not, then
Know he ſhall never, for this night concludes him.
His Sons I weigh like him, they have rebell'd,
And taken ſpirit of late t'oppoſe my will,
And contradict my pleaſures in thy love,
For which it is not ſafe that they ſhould live;
The Kingdoms Heir ſhall be a boy of thine,
And Kings and Queens ſhall follow in thy Line.

En. Madam, here are the Gentlemen. *Enter Dumaine & Lamot very brave, the Eunuch.*

Qu. Y'are welcome to the Court, and us, brave ſpirits y'are welcome.
Take a Queenes word y'are welcome.

Ambo. Your highneſſe is as full of grace as mercy.

Qu. Riſe and follow us, wee'l be your Guardian and Proteſtres.

Lam. What are theſe? *Aſide*

Qu. Sheep for my ſhambles, whom I have fatted up
Onely for ſlaughter; things are on foot decreed,
Shall make ſome ſmile to night, and others bleed. *Exeunt omnes*

SCENE III.

Enter Clovis *at one dore*, Aphelia *and a* Page *at the other with a Torch.*

Clo. My beſt Miſtreſs,
What Angel brought you hither? for I know
Millions attend your goodneſs.

Aph. My Lord?

Clo. Why do you caſt ſuch ſtranger eyes upon me?
You were not wont to cloth your browes with ſcorne,
Nor dart ſuch deadly looks; can my miſtreſs
Be angry with her ſervant? my offence,
If ſlowneſs in my vifits, I'l hereafter

Grow to your threshold; why weep you now?
Trust me divinest fair thine eyes seed pearl,
Bracelets for Gods to wear about their armes.

Aph. I am too fond, and yet he swears he loves me,
I have believ'd him too, for I have found
A Godlike nature in him, and a truth
Hitherto constant.

Cle. Sweetest fair the cause?

Aph. If this should be dissembled, not your heart,
And having won my souls affection,
Should on a judgement more retir'd to state,
Smile at your perjuries, and leave me in love,
What ill-bred tales the world would make of me.

Cle. That jealousie I'l strangle; take this Ring,
As I that Diamond dazel'd by thine eyes,
Whose beauty sickned 'cause eclips'd by thine;
Be these the mutual pledges of our love,
Our Marriage before our Marriage,
And curs'd be he that separates our love,
Though *France* be one, or what is greater *Jove*,
Are your fears over now?

Alp. My Lord, I dare no ill, and therefore doubt none.

Enter King, Queen, Clotair, Landry, Dumain, Lamet, Romach, Lords, Ladies, Guard.

King. Approach our person nearer, for methinks
Y'have honest faces, if your hearts keep touch
T'your outward semblance, y'are a pair
Nothing but death shall force from me.

Qu. Good, good, this Physick works. *aside.*

Eu. Madam, is't done?

Qu. I my black Genius, such a fatal dram
I have administred, will wing his soul
With expedition to the other world,
His part essential like a wearied Ghost
This night forsakes her Inn, when fled and gone,
Who knows where it shall lodge: mark his looks,
See'st thou not death thron'd in his hollow eye,

Great tyrant over Nature?
Es. With looks inquisite I have beheld him,
But see no alteration.
Qu. Thou art a fool, and wantst the optique nerves
To pry into my Arts, where I lay trains,
Death comes before the grief, the sulphurous match
Destroyes the powder with a motion slow
To what I work with; as Autumn aged leaf,
In youth the prime and glory of the Grove,
Not to be graspt with hand, falls with a puff,
And what we could not touch but now, we tread on,
So *Childrick*---
King. Lend me thine arm *Dumain*, I now not what,
But on the sudden-- (*Dumain & Lamot about the King.*
Qu. How the Nats play and buz about the fire
Must consume them.
Es. 'Tis rare, observant Cockscomes.
Clot. What Star's unher'd and walks upon the Earth,
Making our night a noon? methinks her light
Does cure blindnesse, and lend darknesse light.
Castrato---- (*Clotair calls the Eunuch aside.*
Es. No more, we are observ'd, my Lord.
Clot. What Ladyes that?
Es. That French India with a Mine upon her back,
With whom your Brother holds discourse?
Clot. The same.
Es. The chast and beautifull *Aphelia*.
Clot. Indeed shee's wondrous fair, nature hath much
Befriended her, art sure shee's honest?
Es. Snow's not purer;
No vestal Virgin at the Aultar bears
A soul so incorrupt, so void of flame
That's loosly active.
Clot. *Castrato*, be as our self, get but that Lady for me;
Thou understand'st me.
Es. Shee dotes upon your Brother, by which means
I'l think upon some plot.
Clot. The Masque ended wee will talk further on't.

King. Defer our pastimes till another night,
I am not well at ease.

Dumo. Lights, lights for his Majesty.

Glot. & Clotil. How is it with your grace our Royal Father?

Ea. Damsin, Lamat, your feet are in the snare,
Fredigond hunts, and when the hunts beware. (*Ex.* Eunuch

Lam. What sayes the slave? (*talks with* Aphelia aside.

Dum. No matter what, mind we his Majesty.

King. There is an Æther in me,
The air I draw refines illuminate,
Philosophy thy Element of fire's here.

Qu. His Grace grows worse and worse, support him
Gently friends, O my dear Husband, O my gentle Lord.

Exeunt omnes.

Aphe. I credit your report, & will obey, (*Manent Eunuch*
His mind is honourable like his parentage, *and Aphelia.*
His single name has arm'd me, pray lead on. (*Exe. Aph. & Eu.*

Lam. O woe, woe, woe. *Enter Lamot.*

Clot. Horror and death. *Enter Clotaire.*

Clo. O dismall fate, hour. (*Enter Clotil, Fredigond, the*
Qu. with Calamitie end *Queen Landry, Dumain, Guard*
The World. *Attendants.*

Dum. Have patience gentle Queen.

Qu. Stand from me,
Preach patience to the Sea when the rude winde
Swell her ambitious billowes 'bove the clouds,
And if thou tutor'st them to peace and silence,
I'l be as calm as they.

Clot. The treason here, and not the Traytor,
Quite confounds me.

Qu. Doubt ye the Traytor?
I've brought a pair of Vipers to the Court,
Warm'd and relievd them with a sting to kill us,
Who could be Authors of this deed but they?
His new bosome friends have slain him,
Lay hands upon the villains.

Dum. We are betraid *Lamat,* basely beset with snares.

Lam. Justice fight thou my cause with thine own sword.

Qu

Ly. O villains, would ye let them 'scape?
Two men to passe the strength of all our guard?
This mads me.

Cla. Make after them and bring them back,
Or by my Fathers soul ye sleep your last.
Amelia, oh *Amelia*, thee I not from my mind,
I may command her now.
Come Mother, Brother, Friends, come let us go,
King ne'r receiv'd a Crown so full of woe. *Exe. omnes.*

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter *Old Brisac* and the *Page*.

Page. I Left her mid'st th'amazed multitude,
Where doubtlesse frighted with the sudden horror
Of the unlook'd for murther of the King,
She has with other beauties of the Court,
Retir'd her self until the morning star.

O. Bris. 'Tis very likely so, yet d'ee hear—
I know not what to say, I'l not to bed,
My thoughts are full of tempests, all mad thinkings,
Where is my Son, why went he not to Court?

Page. Your Son sir *Charles*, sir, is not yet in bed,
But why he went not to the Court I know not.

O. Bris. Perhaps he's safe, then why returns he not?
Why sends he not glad messinges of health,
No, no, he's lost, and I undone forever.
Go to your bed, I will not trouble you,
Go take your rest, yet pray be up betimes. *(Offers to go.*
Yet stay and watch with me, he may come home,
He may come home, 'tis good to wait for hope,
He could not be so cruel to his Father,
Yet now I've thought on't get you hence to bed,
And yet not so, run, run unto the Court,
O Villain how he moves; yet why so fast, *(Offers to run.*

Let me deliberate, that were to give
The Courtiers notice I have lost my Daughter,
Whom they will then suspect, and call her fame
Into an ill construction; no no no:
O sir you'r welcome, where is your sister?
I must have her sirra, and I will; where is
She *Charles*, where is she?

(*Enter Charles, Briffac & Clovis, the Prince disguised.*

Cha. My noble Father.

O. Brif. Tut tut tut, noble me nobles, nor Father me
No Fathers, where is your sister sirra?

Cha. My sister?

O. Brif. Your sister; this cunning shall not carry it;
Where is she? speak.

Cha. Within sir, is she not? otherwise this Gentleman
Ha's lost his labour, he's come to visit her.

O. Brif. Hoyday, hoyday, hoyday, to visit her?
Plots, plots, meer fetches to delude me: to visit her?
What at the dead of night, when the whole world
Is sunck in slumber, and our lustie youth
As quiet as the Grave? to visit her?
O most ridiculous, to visit her?
Pray Gentleman consider, does your sister keep
Times so preposterous for visiting?
Makes she a day of night, or ha's been bred
As loose as *Lais*, to love night Courtings?
Do not distract me; to visit her?

Cha. Pray sir collect your self; this Gentleman
Even at that horrid point where the King fell—

O. Brif. I there's more mischief too; God for his mercy
What a world is this!

Cha. Saw a Ring drop from off my sisters finger,
And at his best advantage took it up,
Which he had then deliver'd, but that fright
Which renders men forgetful made him so,
But knowing where she liv'd, (so he protests)
He could not sleep until it were deliver'd.

O. Brif. Pray let me see the Ring; yes it was hers,
And she would say she'd never part with it

But

But when she meets no wind; if y'have married her,
Or have her promise rivited to yours;
Tell me but where she is, I'll be content,
For I in losing her have lost my joy.

Cha. Is she not there within?

O. Brif. Yes too much; oh no
The house contains her not, she is not here,
Nor is for ought I know at all.

Cha. O my prophetique soul, then 'tis no idle fear.

O. Brif. How the Monsieur! what makes he here?

Cha. There's some thing whispers me, go not to bed,
Go not to bed till thou hast found her out,
Be't thou my Genius or what power else
(Suggesting lawful things) I will obey thee.
Still it cryes, sleep not to night, lest I take Opium,
The drowsie Poppie, cold Mandragora,
Or all the sleepie syrrops of the world,
With such a powerful spell thou work'st upon me;
That should I take an everlasting sleep
Should'st wake my scattered bones, and make them rise
To watch the horrors of this fatal night;
Sleep ever waking envie and mistrust,
Yet things which never knew what slumber meant,
Ghosts keep your beds, ye Centinels of night,
Goblings and Spectres do not walk your round;
A generall Lethargie seize on this hour,
Whilst I alone the Watchman of the night
Will wake in spite of fate, *Argus* three eyes
To find *Aphelia* and her wilderness.

O. Brif. Pretty in good sadnesse, wondrous pretty;
Is he in earnest?

Cha. Sure he dissembles not, I little thought
When I did Let him in, what person grac'd Our Threshold.

O. Brif. Ah sirra, what a Girl is this to be out of th'way,
He is in love that's certain; let me remember,
When I was first a lover as he is,
I'd just such wild vagaries in my brain,
Such midnight madnesse; this puling baggage

May loſe her ſelf for ever, and her ſorrowes,
For this houres abſence; go, begone,
Follow his royall perſon, comfort him,
Tell him my daughter will again be ſtrong,
And ſo good Angels grant we meet with her.

Exe. exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter *Aphelia* and the *Lords* with a wax Taper.

Aph. Into what Labyrinth doe you lead me ſir?
What by perplexed ways? I ſhould much fear
Had you not us'd his name, which is to me
A ſtrength 'gainſt terror, and himſelf ſo good,
Occaſion cannot varie, nor the night,
Youth, nor his wilde deſire, ſeduce me
A ſilent ſorrow from mine eyes would ſteal
And tell ſad ſtories for me.

Exe. You are too tender of your honour Lady,
Too full of aguiſh trembling, the noble Prince
Is, as December, froſty in deſire,
Save what is lawful, he nor owns that heat
Which were you ſnow would ſhun a ſcar from you.

Aph. This is the place appointed, pray heavens all things go well.

Exe. I will go call him, pleaſe you reſt your ſelf,
Here lies a book will beare you company
Till I return, which will be preſently.
Hither i'l ſend the King, not that I mean
To give him leave to cool his burning luſt,
For *Clovis* ſhall prevent him in the ſight
And thus I ſhall endear my ſelf to both:
Clovis ſtrag'd perhaps will kill the King,
Or by the King will periſh, if both fall,
Or either, both waies make for me,
The Queen as roundly does hate her ſonne,
As I her Ladyſhip, to ſee this fraie
She muſt be brought by me, ſhe'l ſtirre them on
To one anothers damage, for her ſake

Aphelia ſtands by

I'l say I set on foote this hopeful brawl,
Whilst she will hug and kisse me for the fame?
Thus on all sides the Eunuch will play foul,
And as his face is black he'l have his soul.

Alph. How witty sorrow ha's found out discourse
Fitting a midnight season! here I see
One bath'd in Virgins tears, whose puritie
Might blanch a Blackmore, turn natures stream (*Enter Clotair.*
Back on it's self; words pure and of that strain
Might move the *Furies* to be pitifull.

Clot. Methinks I stand like *Tarquin* in the night,
When he defil'd the chastity of *Rome*,
Doubtful of what to do, and like a Thief (*She still reads on.*
I take each noise to be an Officer.
She ha's a ravishing feature, and her mind
Is of a purer temper than her body;
Her vertues more than beauty ravish't me,
And I commit even with her piety
A kind of incest with Religion;
Though I do know it is a deed of death
Condemn'd to torments in the other world,
Such tempting sweetnesse dwels in every limb,
That I must venter my essentiall parts
For the fruition of a moments lust, (*Exit with a resolve not to do it.*
A pleasure dearly bought.

Alph. Alack poor maid,
Poor ravisht *Philomel*, thy lot was ill
To meet that violence in a Brother, which
I in a stranger doubt not; yet methinks
I am too confident, for I feel my heart
Burd'ned with something ominous; these men
Are things of subtil nature, and their oaths
Unconstant like themselves. *Clovis* may prove unkind,
Alack why not? say he should offer foul,
The evil counsel of a secret place,
And night his friend, might over-tempt his will;
I dare not stand the hazard; guide me light
To some untroden place, where poor I may

Wear out the night with sighs till it be day. (Exit Clot.

Clot. I am resolv'd, I will be bold and resolute.
Hail beautious Damsell.

Aphe. Ha, what man are thou
That hast thy countenance clouded with thy cloak,
And hid'st thy face from darkness and the night?
If thy intents deserve a Mutler too,
Withdraw and act them not. What art thou, speak?
And wherefore cam'st thou hither?

Clot. I came to find one beautiful as thou,
And am a man willing to please a woman.

Aphe. I understand you not.

Clot. But I must you, yes and the right way too,
Or my strength shall fail me.

Aphe. Help, help, help.

Clot. Peace, none of your loud musick Lady,
If you raise a note, or beat the air with clamour,
You see your death. *Draws his Dagger.*

Aphe. What violence is this? inhuman sir, *Kneeles.*
Why do you threaten war, fright my soft peace
With most ungentle steel? what have I done
Dangerous, or am like to do? why do you wrack me thus?
Mine armes are guilty of no crimes, do not torment 'um:
Mine heart and they have been heav'd up together
For mankind that was holy, if in that act
They have not prai'd for you, mend and be good,
The fault is none of their's.

Clot. Come, do not seem
More holy than you are, I know your heart.

Aphe. Let your Dagger too; noble sir, strike home,
And sacrifice a soul to chastitie,
As pure as is it self, or Innocence.

Clot. This is not the way,—know you me beauty? (*discovers him'self.*

Aph. The Majestie of *France*!

Clot. Be not afraid.

Aphe. I dare not fear, it's treason to suspect
My King can harbour thoughts that tend to ill,
I know you'r godlike good, and have but try'd

How

How far weak women dare be vertuous.

Clot. Cunning simplicity, thou art deceiv'd,
Thy wit as well as beauty wounds me, and thy tongue
In pleading for thee pleads against thy self;
It is thy virtue moves me, and thy good
Tempts me to acts of evil; were thou bad,
Or loose in thy desires, I could stand,
And onely gaze, not surfeit on thy beauty;
But as thou art, there's witchcraft in thy face,
I must injoy thee, or not thou thy life. (*Exeunt Clotz & Charin.*

Aphe. You are my King, and may command my life,
My will to sin you cannot; you may force
Unhallowed deeds upon me, spot my fame,
And make my body suffer, not my mind,
When you have done this unreligious deed,
Conquer'd a poor weak maid, a trembling maid,
What trophie or what triumph will it bring
More than a living scorn upon your name?
The ashes in your Urn shall suffer for't,
Virgins will sow their curses on your Grave?
Time blot your Kingly parentage, and call
Your birth in question; do not think
This deed will lie conceal'd, the faults Kings do
Shine like the fiery Beacons on a hill
For all to see, and seeing tremble at:
It's not a single ill which you commit;
What in the subject is a petty fault,
Monsters your actions, and's a foul offence;
You give your subjects licence to offend,
When you do teach them how.

Clot. I will indure no longer, come along,
Or by the curious spinstries of thy head,
Which natures cunnin'st finger twisted one,
I'l drag thee to my couch; tempt not my fury.

Clov. Hold, hold my Heart—and I indure this—
Unhand me *Charles* and render me my self,
Left I forget my self on thee.

Char. Great sir;

Remember 'tis your brother, and the King.

Clov. O that I could forget it, and shake off
Duty at once and Consanguinitie, (*Enter Eumela.*
That like a whirlwind I might rush upon him,
And bear him to destruction. Monster of men,
Thou King of darknesse down unto thy Hell,
I have a Spel will lay thy honesty,
And this abused goodnesse: Is't not enough
That thou hast wrong'd *Crotilda*, ravish't a Maid,
A Virgin of that puritie of life
Might saint her here on earth; but thou wilt add
Unto the first a second violence the Gods must not forgive:
Don't arm your face,
Nor wear a countenance of horror, I can't fear
Bearing a bosome innocent and pure:
Is't even so, then guard thy self Oh King,
For I am swift as thought that executes.

Chor. Hold, hold, my Lord forbear.

Eu. Beat down their swords, what do the Princes mean?
Ring out the larum Bell, call up the Court. (*Ring the Bell.*
The Princes here will murder one another.
For shame for shame forbear.

Enter the Queen, the Guard, and Attendants, Landry at the other dore.

Qu. What means this sudden outcry? oh my Sonnes,
Hold, hold, part 'um good Gentlemen.

Clot. Brav'd by a subjects hand?

Qu. Though nature by precedencie of birth
Made thee his King, it therefore follows not
His Murtherer: wherein is our *Clotair*
Greater than *Clovis*? the self same blood
That spirits thee, makes him as valiant,
The difference lyes in *Anno Domini*.

Eu. Most acurst mischief, most rare Crocadile!

Qu. I grant thou art his elder, by which law
Thou'rt born his subject, not his equal *Clovis*:
Know *Clotair*'s thy King, and subjects hands

With-

Without the deep and dangerous treytors name,
May not advance against their soveraignes head.
Cleon. Neither shall his without Correction
Upon him slaves.
Qu. Hold, I command ye hold:
Oh *Clotair* thou art of a valiant soul,
And wilt thou basely thus beset thy Brother?
Fear argues spirits most degenerate,
And that thou fear'st, th'advantage argues it;
O set not on thy slaves, if he must die,
Let thy sacrifice not butcher him.
Cleon. That argument sounds harsh, does *Clotair* fear?
Clo. Sacrifice me? it is not in his power.
Eu. Exquisite Philter, how it operates!
Qu. We hope so *Clotair*; yet thy brother King
Is as an earthly God, his will his law,
His power uncircumscrib'd, unlimited,
Whose Majesty can look a subject dead.
Clo. How? look me dead? I do not fear his frowns.
Qu. I grant th'as great a Basiliske as he,
As thou art meerly man; but as thy King
Divinity doth prop him, he stands firm
That builds on that foundation; yet I know
Thy sword's as sharp as his, and where it lights
Imprints as much of fate; thine arm's as strong,
Thy spirit as daring, and thy will as prompt
To any action that may write man, Man.
Clot. He is your darling, you do wel to praise him;
When I have slain him write his Epitaph.
Clo. My Epitaph? this Pen of steel shall first
Write on thy heart thine end.
Eu. Still, still better.
The venom'd poyson of a womans tongue
Is more sublim'd than Mercurie. (*they fight again.*
Char. Hold, hold.
O dearest Maddam, your maternal breath
Bears a Mandamus in it, and like heaven
Will lay this tempest.

En. As the wind the Sea,
Which makes it rage the lowder,
Clot. Where's our guard
That lets a traytor pull me by the beard?
Upon him slaves. *(The Guard fall on him and he fall.*
Qu. O they have slain my Son,
Bloody villain, thy hands have made these holes,
Hell take thee for't.
Clot. Mother, rise and depart,
For I am bent on mischief.
Qu. Do thy worst
Thou murderous minded Prince, this blood is mine,
For in some sort I bleed; out Parricide.
En. How cunningly he spits her poyson forth!
I know her soull is light, she's glad he's dead,
And joyes in the opportunitie to curse the Killer,
For which she gaines the name of pious mother;
Here's pretty woman-villany and dissimulation.
Aphe. If they have slain him, wherefore do I live?
O my swoln heart.
Clot. Remove the Corps, withall
Convey this Syren from our wandring eyes,
And howse her in a Dungeon; let no light
Peep through a cranney on her; mask the day,
Put the all-searching eyes of Phœbus out;
Lest accidentally he gazing here,
Here fix eternally, and so we may
Despair of night as once we did of day:
Bear her to prison; reason not the cause,
A Kings prerogative's above his lawes.
Aphe. Be mercifull and lead to earth, away,
Since he is gone it is to die to stay.

Exeunt some with the King, *others leading* Aphelia, *and bearing away the Corps.*

Manent Eunuch, Queen, Landrey.

Qu. Now we begin to flourish, this black night
Is onely lighted by our stars, which smile.
Upon these actions, and rejoyce to see
Thee our sole favorite so neer a Crown.

But

But tell me *Landry*, how did I play the mother;
Did not I seem a *Niobe* in passion,
A deluge of salt tears?
Land. Most true, you wept:
Qu. As a good Actor in a play would do,
Whose fancy works (as if he waking dreamt)
Too strongly on the Object that is copies with,
Shaping realities from mockeries;
And so the Queen did weep: By this good night
I think I could become the Stage as well
As any she that feis her breath in publiques;
Come shall we Act *Landry*?
Land. Act Lady, what?
Qu. Nothing that's new, old Plages you know are best:
Eunuch is our bed ready?
Eu. Great Queen it is.
Qu. Come then my joy to bed, where we will Act
The truth which others doubt, and in that sport
We'l laugh at death which triumphs in the Court. (*Exeunt.*
Eu. Go keep your lasts, I'l straight unto the King, *Qu. & Lan.*
And he shall take them in the very act;
And then to cover my discoverie
I'l set on fire the Queens Bed-chamber,
That so I may disturb them more secure,
And yet the plot not mine; I'l tell the King
Unlesse he present help, his mother burns:
About it then, this is a happie night,
The more it works their woe more's my delight. (*Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter *King Clotair*, and the *Eunuch*.

Eu. LOok how it flames, I fear some treachrie, (*the bed.*
Beat at her Chamber door, cry it aloud, *chamb. on fire*
And let your voice be thunder to this lightning;

Cry

Cry, fire, fire, fire, the Court is all a hot-house, fire, fire.

Clot. Great Queen, royall mother, open your door
Left you do sleep for ever; mother awake.
The God of sleep lies heavie on her eyes;
Force up the door; fire, fire, fire.

Ex. It's fortifi'd 'gainst strength, you must call louder.

Clot. Mother, Queen, Mother, awake awake,
Your sleep was never more like death than now;
Lady, Great Princess; fire, fire, fire.

Enter Queen *above in night attire,* Landrey.

Qu. What saucie Groom
Beats our offendlesse doores thus darlingly?
H'had better rows'd a sleeping Lyoness
Than thus t'have broke our slumbers; what art thou?

Clot. Look,
The fire will give you light, 'tis I your Son,
Flie from your Chamber else you are but dead,
Your Court is all a Bonfire.

Qu. Let it burn, I have lost my credit everlastingly,
I will not move afoot. (*aside.*

Clot. You must be forced then. (*Exit* Eunuch *haste to quench the fire.*

Land. Ladie,
Where is your wit now in necessitie?
We shall be taken, and you sham'd for ever.
Bethink, bethink your self, what shall we do. (*aside.*

Qu. I have't, it shall be so; there, put on that,
And as the door flies open meet him full
Appearing in his Brothers warlike form,
Thou wilt amaze and so passe by him safely.
Do not appear to me, I did not wound thee, (*aloud this.*
Seek out the beds of those that caus'd thy death,
And howl to them thy pittious complaints;
O do not look on me, be gone, be gone.

Clot. Whom d'ee hold discourse with, with the air?
Bethink your self, this is no time to dallie.

Qu O my Son, such horrid apparitions full of dread
Have I beheld, have quite unwitted me;

Thy

Thy brothers Ghost, young *Clotil* Ghost in armes
Has thrice appear'd to me this dismall night;
You heard me speak too't.

Clot. True, I heard you speak,
But what of that?

Qu. Calls for *Aphelia*
To bear him company i'th'other world,
Or else hee'l nightly haunt us in our sleep.

Enter Landrey, *as in the Prince's Armour.*

Clot. O see, it comes!

Qu. Fear it not, Son.

Clot. What art thou that usurp'st this dead of night,
In metal like the age? why art thou sent
To cast a horror on me? Is thy soul
Walks unreveng'd, and the grim Ferriman
Deny thy passage, I'l perform thy rights. (*the Ghost points to his wounds.*
O do not wound me with such piteous signs,
Least I dissolve to air, and like thy self
Affright fool mortals: If that thou desir'st
Aphelia's death t'appease thy troubled soul,
Make some consenting sign, and so depart.
Thy sight afflicts my soul. (*Exeat Queen.*

Qu. How fares our Son? (*He bends and frowns at her, then exit, shee after him.*

Clot. It was my brothers spirit, nothing but *Aphelia's*

Qu. She must die, you see it's requisite.

Clot. Would he had askt my life first.

Qu. Why should you be so fond upon a woman?

Clot. Woman's the least part of her, shee's all Goddesse.

Qu. 'Twas your offer;
Remember there's no jesting with the Gods.

Ex. What might this mean? ha, where are my brains?

Clot. I had forgot my self, your pardon Mother;
Bear her from me this Jewel, I esteem
Equall with life; it was my brothers picture,
And with it, this, that she prepare to die;
Pray her to take it; and in death, but kisse

This sad remembrance for the fondest Toke
Although for his whose form it represents
And I shall take it for the greatest grace
That she can give, or I ought to desire.
Tell her, and if you can be mov'd to sorrow
Expresse it in you tears, it is not I
Pronounce this fatall sentence 'gainst her life
Which needs must ruine mine, but the hid will
And providence of heaven, 'gainst which to rage
It were as impious as not obey.
My brothers funerall is her dying day.
Tell her, though reason and my will do jarr,
My soul speaks peace, although my sentence war.
Say I love, and pray her to forgive me. (*Exit Queen.*
Go, all attend my Mother; my chast
Delights not in Court Ceremony; stay,
Confesso stay, (*Exe. Alfonso Eunuch & Cloe.*
And with thy Counsell cure thy dying Prince;
Thou art my bosome, Eunuch, and to thee
I dare unclasp my soul; what's to be done?
This is a damned spirit I have seen,
And comes to work my ruine.

Eu. What spirit?

Clot. My Brothers spirit in Arms, I swear it came forth here
Out of my Mothers Chamber as I knockt.

Eu. Was it in Armor said you?

Clot. Yes, in that Armor he was wont to wear
When we have run at Tilt, till our dark Spheres
Have with their splinters scar'd the Element.

Eu. That Armor as I well remember, I did leave
In the Queens Bed-chamber as yesterday,
After the Triumphs and the Tournaments,
Having unbrac'd the Prince; 'tis even so,
Ha, ha, ha.

Clot. Why this ridiculous passion?
My state requires thy teares, and not thy mirth.

Eu. The Devill came from your Mothers Chamber sir,
She has a circle that can raise a Spirit;

A *Mars* in armor too, he is a *Venus*,
And through your licence *Dardan* is no Eunuch.

Clot. What killing Jeste thou arest? I am sure
There's someting in't, or else it makes me nothing
And yet I dare not; *Lunacy?* How know'st thou this?

Es. Since I have gone so far, I'll tell you,
I looked in at th'Key-hole, and I saw
Him in your Mothers arms upon the bed,
As sportingly as e'r I saw your Father.

Clot. Thou lyest, take that, (*Strikes him.*) Jealous informers ne'r were better seen, (*Offers to go out.*)

Es. King, thou hadst better far have spoke thy Father,
Dig'd up his bones, and plaid a Dagon with them,
Stroken?

Clot. I know not,

My Mother alwaies had a fenced fame,
His thoughts too have been mine; I was to blame,
Prethee forgive me, villain, but the lightning
Flash and away, dead or no body by it,
I am not alwaies angry, [illegible]
My Mother may be false, she is a woman,
Prethee deliver, come I will believe thee,
Even to the utmost syllable you say.

Es. Then, she is false.

Clot. And didst thou see him [illegible] my Mothers bed?

Es. Else pull these out.

Clot. Thou hast fixt [illegible]
False with Lunacy, but [illegible]

Es. Even with the same [illegible]

Clot. But [illegible]
There lies the mystery.

Es. They fear you will accept her as the Queen
Of whose [illegible]
And frustrate their intents, who [illegible]
Your hop'd-for death, and [illegible]
That so they might become, what now you [illegible]
Lawfully man and wife, and govern in your fear.

Clot. This carries shew of truth, or is't a De-

Well shadowed by the slave? I cannot tell:
My mother certainly is not so bad.
It is a sin to think it; hence and avoid my sight
Thou sower of debate, thy seeds are throw'd
On steril ground, and therefore ill bestow'd. (*Exit.*
Ea. Is't even so, work and about my brain,
I'm lost for ever if not close again. (*Exit.*

SCEN. II.

Enter Dumaine, Morvill, Bourbon, Lenoys.

Lens. Are all your Troops well furnish'd 'gainst resistance?
Are your men bold and daring, resolute
To run your hazard, indifferent rich, not poor,
That onely fight for bread? such oft betray
The finews of a well knit plot for gain,
When these as well fight to defend as win.
Dum. Noble *Lenoys*,
Mine know, nor fear no death, souls of thunder,
They'l catch the bullet [illegible]
Battled with Enemy, [illegible]
The thunder of a Cannon, [illegible]
Fitter a Ladies Chamber than the field;
When o'r their heads the Element is hail'd,
Ea. Then
Clo. And di[illegible]
Ea. Ele[illegible]
Clo. Then [illegible]
Kill, till they'r kill'd [illegible]
Ea. Even with
Clo. But
With giving wounds [illegible]
They fall not vanquish'd, but by fate betrai[illegible]
Ea. They fear you will accuse her [illegible]
Such are the men I [illegible]
Mort. They'r Soulsellers [illegible]
And murmure their [illegible]
And shave the [illegible]
Bourb. Were it come to [illegible]
Dum. Bourbon, it [illegible]
Mort. Where shall we first attempt? *Dum.*

Dum. The Citadel.

Lamo. I say no, it's dangerous.

Dum. It is the safest course.

Mari. Believe it not, it's full of hazard.

Dum. So is the generall enterprise in hand.

Lamo. But this of certain ruine.

Mari. Give me a reason, why you would invade
The Palace first, and I am satisfi'd?

Dum. Then understand, *Lamo* lives still at Court
Disguised like a formal Surgion,
To whom the Prince being delivered,
To be embalm'd and boweld, finding life
Yet in his Corps, which way he's very skilful,
H'as balsomed all his wounds and cur'd him.

Lamo. And what of all this?

Dum. Have temperance, and hear the rest:
For this the Prince h'as promis'd him the place,
The grand Commander of the Citadel,
Whose aid can steed us infinitely.

Lamo. Is it certain?

Dum. I did but even now receive this Letter, (*shews the Letter.*
Which constantly affirms it from himself;
He sales it is not known in Court yet, that the Prince lives,
For divers reasons best known to themselves;
And herein doth require our secrecie,
Therefore dear friends be warie to divulge it.
Besides he sales here,
That the great Monsieur's suppos'd funeral
This day's solemnized with greatest pomp;
And how *Aphelia* dies a sacrifice
That hour he is buried on his Herse:
What if we made attempt to save the Virgin?

Lamo. It may not be, better *She* fall alone,
Than all of us together. And now best friends
Let us behave us bravely, it's no base act
We undertake, but our whole Countries freedom
From slaverie and bondage; men of worth stand bare
To pages and gilt Butterflies? besides the Queen

Will grave us all rather than want sport.
In spilling human blood; come, let's withdraw,
And laie the plaz-form of this mighty work;
My soul sits smiling in me, I divine
Though now it lowre, I shall see Sun will shine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clovis and Lamoc both disguis'd.

Clo. Strephon, for so thou hast thy self, thou'lt made
Thy Prince thy subject by thy timely care;
This is the hour I must be buried living;
And this the hour the fair *Aphesia*
Dyes on my Herse t'appease my wandring Ghost;
Say *Strephon*, is it so?

Lam. Nay this the very minute: hark, I hear them
Comming. *(Sad solemn musick).*

Clov. Stand close here, we'l observe the Mourners.

Enter six of the Guard, with Halberds, then Cardan, Landrey, Old Brissac; then the Herse borne by six Lords, then King, Queen, Eunuch holding up her traine, two or three Ladies, these in mourning; on the other side, a Headsman, two Nuns in white singing, Aphesia with a Garland on her head, all by themselves; after these, more Virgins attired like the rest, last Trumpets; they set down the Herse, the Herse is set down between both companies, Aphesia sitting at one end, and the King at the other, who after a little pause speaks.

The Song by Nuns.

Come blest Virgins come and bring
To this Goddess offering,
Offer to her kisses, such
As make good better by the touch;
Where her eye let fall a tear,
Amber Pearl, or Spice there,
If a prophane complain
To sacrifice a Deuce;
If a true pain should be seen
To her sacrifice a Queen.

Clov.

Clot. Set down, set down your honourable load,
Fitting an *Atlas* shoulder; burden of gods,
And majestie immense, whose onely name doth load
Heavens flooring Porters, under which he groans
More than the Spheares, and heavens thy weight not theirs,
Let me bedew thy Herse with pious tears,
Balm to wounds, repenting ones, look down
From heaven empireall and behold us stand
All flood in sorrow, drown'd in our own tears;
Behold this spotlesse sacrifice, a Virgin
As pure in thought as Vesture, an Oblation
To ransome Jove and Heaven had he been taken,
And so we yeeld her up. *(Delivers her to the Executioner.*

Briſ. O my good Lord,
This is conſpiracie 'gainſt an old mans life;
Have you no other way to murther me,
But to begin with her? are theſe your plots?
You'r weary of my counſell? and my place
May better be ſupplí'd by greener heads?
Pray cut off mine, do, do, a weak old man,
My abſence were material, ſince your fate
Requires Paricides about you,
Alas I may be ſpar'd; why muſt ſhe die?
Becauſe ſhe's fair? or that a Prince
Once thought her ſo? the fault is none of hers,
Let nature ſuffer for't, if it prove Art,
Or that with plaiſtred cunning ſhe did catch
Your Brothers love with an adulterate form,
I yeeld her up as not aly'd to me;
If not, why ſhould ſhe ſuffer?

Clot. Briſſon, peace.

Clov. What pageant's this?

Clot. Be it no wonder Lords
To ſee a Prince an Executioner;
Far be it from the dignitie of *France*
To let a ſoul forth ſo refin'd as hers
With mercinary hands.

Lam. Contain your ſelf,

(The King takes the ſword from the Executioner.

You

You may prevent the danger when you please.

Clot. Behold the conquest of thine eies *Aphelia*, (*thy King*
France at thy foote, tread on his Royalties; *humble and lowe*
Or if thy nature knows not so forgive, *the powers of*
which to believe were impious, take this sword *Aphelia's soule.*
And search my heart, send me a sacrifice
T'appease the troubled spirit of thy love.

Qu. O *Eternall*, that shee'd take him at his word. (*aside.*

Clot. I find a speaking pitty in thine eye,
Which thence will drop upon thy gentle tongue,
And cry in peace, Long live my Soveraign.

Aphe. Long live *Clotair*, long live my Soveraign.

Clot. The motions of the Spheares move in that tongue.
Turn all your fables to the Tyrian dye,
Your dirges into sprightful wedding aire.
Why looks our Court so sad? is this a time
To anchor your aspects unto the earth?
By my blest self, he's traytor to the height,
That do's not straight salute her as his Queen.

Omnes. Long live *Aphelia* Queen of *France* and us.

Lamet. Do you hear this? what are you planet-stroken?
Clovis, Prince, Monsure?

Qu. What will *Clotair* do?

Clot. What heaven ha's pointed for him, Martie her.

Qu. Thy Grave, thy Grave sutt *Clotair*.

Clot. Cardinal. (*The Cardinal and the*

Qu. What evill spirit's crept into my Son? *King whisper.*
Venom'd his noble nature, sickned all
His wholsome faculties, slain's divinitie?
Are these your vowes? or canst thou couzen heaven?
Necessity of fate depends on it,
You know the mult to earth.

Clot. I, but not yet;
Since she ha's conquer'd me, that could do fate,
Had she joyn'd with me, the aw'd destinies
Spin her decrees, and what she wills they acte,
Sith then what must be result be, joyn our hands.

Lam.

Lam. Now gentle, prevent their fears, O Queen Princess
Thou art undone for ever, if they [illegible]
Clo. Where am I? is it I would have known
Awake? for ever rather let me sleep,
Is this a funerall? O that I were a Herse,
And not the mock of what is pageanted.
Clot. Amazement's quite confounds me, *Clorin* alive!
Lam. Yes sir, by my Art she lives, though his desire
Was not so have it known; this Cloak contains
Nothing but spices sweetly odoriferous.
Clo. Into my soul I welcome thee dear brother;
This second birth of thine brings me more joy,
Than had *Aphelia* brought me forth an Heir,
Whom now you must remember as a Sister.
Clo. O that in nature there was left an Art,
Could teach me to forget I ever lov'd
This her great Masterpiece; O well built frame,
Why dost thou harbour such unhallow'd guests
To house within thy bosome perjurie?
If that our vowes are registred in heaven,
Why are they broke on earth? *Aphelia*,
This was a hastie match, the sabell'd air
Ha's not yet cool'd the breath, with which thou swor'st
Thy self into my soul; and on thy cheeke
The print and path-way of those cruell streaks
That woo'd me to believe so ill of me!
I am no spirit; cast up a strict pulse,
And you shall find it make such harmony,
As youth and health enjoy. *(She gives back.)*
Lam. The Queen she faints.
Clo. Is there a God left so propitious
To rid me of my fears; still let her sleep,
For if she wake (O King) she will appear
Too monstrous a spectre for frail eyes
To see and keep their senses.
Lam. Are you mad?
Clo. Nothing so happy *Strephon*, would I were;
In times first progress I dispair the hour,

That hitherto [illegible]
Forget that ere we were [illegible]
I should no more remember he would fit I am
And sing me into dreames of Paradise
Never more hang about his Ivory neck
Believing such a one Diana's was,
Never more dote the bowres of Arabia,
Or kiss her Coronall lip like a palmist.

Strph. Sex, the's removed, And with majestique grace,
In pitty rather than contempt, beholds you.

Clov. Convey me hence some charitable man, (*admiringly*
Left this same Creature looking like a Saint,
Hurry my soul to hell, she is a fiend
Apparel'd like a woman, fleet on earth
For mans destruction.

Clot. Rule your distorted tongue,
Clovis, what's past we are content to chide,
It was our brother spoke, and not our friend.

Clov. I had forgot my duty, yet will
You Gorgon ha's transform'd me hence, those
And since that time my language ha's been hard
My words too heavie for my tongue, to nimbly
I was not born to, with me all
Before I was poysen with their black thoughts
I could sit by thy side, and rest my head
Upon the downy pillows of thy breast,
Whose natural sweetnesse would invite mine eies
To suck in pleasing slumbers, wake, and kisse
The Rose-beds that afforded me such bliss:
But thou art now a generall disease
That eat'st into my Marrow, turn'st my blood,
And mak'st my veines run poyson, the touch sense
Groans at the alteration: am I the Monster?
Do's *Clovis* talk his sorrows, and dote all?
O man bewoman'd; wert thou not mine,
How comes it thou art his?

Clot. You have done ill,
And must be taught so: you Capiulate
Not with your equall *Clovis*, she's thy Queen.

Clov. Upon my bowed [illegible] *(He kneels.*
Queen of my thoughts and my [illegible]
O pardon me, if my ill-tuned tongue
Ha's sacrificed my heart; if not, behold
Before the sacred altar of thy feet,
I lie a willing sacrifice.
Aphe. Arise:
And henceforth *Clovis* thus instruct thy love,
There lies a depth in fate, which earthly eies
May faintly look into, but cannot fathom;
You had my vow till death to be your wife,
You being dead my vowes were cancelled,
And so as thus you see before'd.
Clov. Farewell;
I will no more offend you; would to God
Those cruell hands not enough barbarous,
That made these bleeding witnesses of love,
Had set an endless period to my life too.
Clot. Where there's no help 'tis bootless to complain.
Clovis she's mine; let not your spirits rise
Or mutiny within you, because I say it,
Nor let thy tongue from henceforth dare presume,
To say she might, or ever should be thine;
What's past once more I pardon, 'tis our wedding day.
Clo. A long farewel to love, then do I break *(he breaks*
Your broken pledge of faith; and with this kiss, *the Ring.*
The last that ever *Clovis* must print here:
Unkisse the kiss that seal'd it on thy lips.
Ye powers ye are unjust, for her wild breath
That ha's the sacred tie of contract broken,
Is still the same Arabia that it was: *(to the King Clovis*
Nay I have done; beware of jealousie, *pulls him.*
I would not have you nourish jealous thoughts;
Though she ha's broke her faith to me, to you
Against her reputation shee'l be true:
Farewel my first love lost, i'l chuse to have
No wife, till death shall wed me to my Grave.
Come *Strephon*, come and teach me how to die,
That gav'st me life so unadvisedly. *(Ex. Clovis & Steph.*

Clot. Let *Cloris* thus long go, this way will we,
He's great with grief, we with felicity. *Exeunt all with Cloris.*

Manent Queen and Lasciva.

Qu. Mischief grows lean *Castrate*, all our plots
Turn head upon themselves, my brains grow weak;
And in this Globe the policie's not left
To kill a worm unseen; I am undone,
And all my plots discover'd.

Las. This is strange,
Some comick Devil crosses our designes;
How else should he revive, or yet prepar'd,
Nay in the arms *Landrey*, when desire
Had made you all a Venus, meet events
So barren in their expectations?

Qu. Their lies the grief *Castrate*; Had the Court,
So I had quench'd their burning flames within,
Been burn'd in her cinders, I had car'd not.

Las. But yet *Landrey* escape doth qualifie
The non-performance.

Qu. That fits sullying here,
It set my brains upon the traitors *Exeunt*;
Was't not a rare device?

Las. And was not I
As fortunate to leave that Armour there;
But now what's to be done?

Qu. My dul *Aethiope*,
I will instruct thy blackness, learn to know
My reputation's sicken'd, and my fame
Is look'd into with narrow eyes at Court;
Therefore it a thus decreed, I will remove,
And sequester my self from company.

Las. Good.

Qu. Thou know'st where *Childrick* keep his Concubine
To none discover'd by thy self and me,
For which she is no more.

Las. Right.

Qu. There will I
And my *Landrey* securely spend our time,

Revill,

Kevil, imbrace, and [illegible]
The Cave that leads unto the private Gate,
Which *Childrich* made, will give him entrance
No eie acquainted, being that called
What lust inflam'd must be by lust asswag'd.

Ea. Excellent mistris, I applaud your brain.

Qu. I will away to night, I cannot brook
These loathed Nuptials, they have undone
My hopes on earth for ever, therefore my Sister,
Acquaint *Londra* with these designes.

Ea. What else?

Qu. If by the engine of thy stronger brain,
Thou couldst remove—

Ea. *Aphelia* or the King,

Qu. ——
Monsiure, or all; it is not so my Queen?

Ea. Thou hast a brain which doth ingender thoughts
As regall as our own, which do beget
A race of rare events; what pitty 'tis
Thy body should be beavil, since thy mind
Is of so pregnant and a fruitful kind?
Farewell, remember me. [*Exit Queen.*

Ea. Remember you?
Your Gibship shall be thought on fear it not;
And now bethink thee *Eanuth*, all thy plots
Find fruitlesse issues, onely in the King,
His worship walkt into the other world,
Like a tame suckling Pig that dy'd o'th pipp;
The trouble is behind, my hate extends
To the whole family, I must root them up,
And beldam first with you: but how? but how?
If (in her proud desire) I do prevent
Her lust this second time, before the third
She may repent and save her loathed soul,
Which my revenge would damn; yet were she cruel,
Her lust being now at full flood in her,
And no way left to quench her burning flame,
Her dryer bones would make a bonfire,
Fit for the Devill to warm his hands by.

Stay, stay, *Cassius*; so, all must not be,
Nor must the high and mighty Queene *Aphelia*
This night enjoy her Bridegroome, I must first
Some mischief instantly invent to hinder
If I miscarry in it slowly shall I fall,
I did attempt it bravely though I fell.

Clo. Dissuade me not, *Cassius*, I have fought thee
Through every angle of this fair Queene,
I've bustled to impart,
My hopes on earth for ever,
Acquaint Landry with this delight.

Ca. And so have I.

Clo. Mine is of honourable consequence,
And doth require chiefe aid.

Ca. So doth mine yours.

Clo. Aphelia is——

Ca. Your Brothers Wife, and your
Would faine injoy her too? why so you may,
But time must work her.

Clo. Enough, thou art wide,

Revenge doth swell the Monster, and his thoughts
Which burn within his breast must be quencht with blood
I have Incenst the King with yellow envie,
With doubtfull phrases to his fame,
See'st thou this Letter, this Scripe I forged,
For I can counterfeit *Aphelias* hand,
The King ha's banisht *Landry* from the Court,
Because he wore the Jewel which he gave
To his *Aphelia*: light suspition,
But this shall aggravate, and throw the King,
Shew him this Note, it doth expresse great love
To *Landry* from *Aphelia*, and withall,
It mentioneth the Jewel as a Gift
To gratifie her servant; this to the rest
Of poyson he ha's fairly already tri'd,
Will to inflame him, that the Court shall burn
Too hot for his

Ca. Think it done;
But now your aid, since that your mind is bent

On

On honourable ends, here's one will ceize you.

Clo. Thou'dst have me joyn my self unto the Rebels,
And with my person grace their cause, perhaps
That is not now to plot.

Ess. I find you high,
Worthy the name of Monsieure; yet your thoughts
Hit not my purpose, it is such that made
Your Brother quake to hear.

Clo. What is it *Essex*?
If that it bear an honourable sound,
Though death stood gaping wide to swallow me,
I would not shrink nor fear.

Ess. Noble; hear it then,
Your Mother's loose, and this night renders up
Her body unto lust, if not prevented;
I can direct you where and when, with whom.

Clo. My soul finds the man, is't not *Lendon*?

Ess. The same.

Clo. I'll tear him all to pieces: thou shalt lead the way
Where my Mother; *Essex* lead the way.
In what thou shalt prescribe we will obey. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten, *Esdes*,

Clot. WHat vulture gripes me here, ha, what art thou?
If thou hast jealousie mount and be gone;
Fly to the vulgar bosome, whose cheap thoughts
Despair their own performances in a Prince
Thou shew'st a nature retrograde to honour,
Suppose she gave the Jewels, must it follow
She therefore is disloyal? poor consequence,
A Bable for a boy to play withall;
I am resolv'd, hark, I hear her comming;
O *Jove*, what a look and gate is there!

Enter

Enter Aphelia as going to bed, and as three Ladyes

Aphe. Mock me not Ladyes with this Ceremony,
For I am fitter to attend on you;
I am become a servant and a slave
To every needfull passion of my Lord.
All that's behind I can perform my self,
Without this complement.

1 *Lady.* Sweet Lady,
You must not weigh these things so deeply,
Your Lord is of a noble spirit,
And you shall see how calm he will return,
Blessing your Bridall bed with fruitfull issue.

Aphe. No, no, [illegible]
The Saffora-coated Hymen frowns upon us,
These Tapers have were lighted at a pile,
As fit Attendants on the Grave, not Bed;
Juno denyes her presence at this match,
And all the ill presaging birds of night
Sing fatall Requiems for a Bridall Song;
O Ladyes, is not this ominous?

Clar. Yes my *Aphelia*, if that ragged fate
[illegible]
Let me dwell here; I am ravisht,
Am I one earth? [illegible]
And all th'unimitable joyes, that Poets feign,
Are better'd in thy goodnesse.

Aphe. I hope your fears are satisfied now,
You bear a brow so sweetly pleasant.

Clar. What pretty fooling is this *Aphelia*?
I am not jealous, for be all that good
I cannot think thee evill, kiss me sweet, *(kisses her.*
There's no deceit lies here, again, again: *(again kisses.*
Her kisses melt upon my lip, if sin
Have so much heaven in't, I be a sinner!
Prethee forgive my folly that could be wrought
To such a senseless passion, come let's in
And shake this off as it never been.

We

1 *Lady*. We must a while my Lord intreat your absence,
We have some certain Notions to deliver,
Some pillow counsels; I assure your highness
It shall be no wayes prejudicial to you.

2 *Lady*. You see she's not prepar'd, till that's perform'd
She's ours; that done, we yeeld her up
To the dark night, and mercy of your Lordship.

Clot. Go then unharnis your Lady for these wars,
For we are of the *Camilli*, and fight naked. (*Exe. Ladies*
Ye powers that favour Lovers, infuse ape strength & *Aphe.*
Through every nerve and sinew of this frame;
Make me all pleasure; and unto the bride
Add every vein a *Venus*; guild me light,
Where in on bed lies all the worlds delight.

Offers to go out and meets the Eunuch.

Eu. Not yet in bed! O happy, happy minute,
Untill this hour I ne'r was fortunate;
I have preserv'd my King, my Prince, my Patron,
From the loose ardor of a Strumphets bed.

Clot. What's this?

Eu. Be not this second time incredulous,
And scorn my honest heart; or grant you were,
I deal not now on doubts; your wife is false,
Dishonest as the Suburbs, I am loath
To nominate her whore though it be true.

Clot. True? ha!

Eu. Leave this Lethargiz'd passion which benumms
Your nobler nature; turn your eies on this; (*shews a Letter.*
Whose Character is this?

Clot. It is *Aphelia's* hand, the very same
Which I have often seen *Clovis* peruse (*The bed thrust*
In his loves amorous pursuit. *forth with* Aphe. asleep.

Eu. Read the Contents.

Clot. A Letter that she loves *Landry*, with thanks
For his so frequent visits, which she repaies
With the rich Jewel sent her by the King,
Wishing a perpetuitie of imbracements.
Ten thousand Ravens crook in this black paper.

How came you by it.

Es. I saw it drop from Lucina, but ne'r thought
'Fore I perus'd it what it did contain;
Which finding, in my duty I was bound
To save my Prince from ruine.

Clot. Hold my heart,
Oh what shall *Clotair* do? ——It cannot be;
Do but behold her face, and thou shalt read
What we call vertue there, and modesty;
Here is a look would perswade cruelty
To sigh and shed a tear, bribe *Nemesis*
To knot her steely scourge with Plume of Down,
And *Jove* himself to call her vice a vertue.

Es. A book of Devils may have the Cover gilt;
Treason lyes Cabin'd in the smoothest brow;
The Devill can assume an Angels form;
Your wife is fair, but fair to do you harm.

Clot. Oh say not so, she is the neatest cut
Arte'r was printed by the hand of heaven;
Here is a volum of Divinity,
Compos'd so rarely, that to add to this,
Or take away from hence, were such a sin
Repentance could not explate; I'l not touch
With hands unhallowrd such a puritie,
Could it change all my thoughts to peace and silence.

Es. My Lord ——

Clot. Peace slave,
Thou that infects all peace.

Es. Why are you thus distemper'd? let not truth
Make you so wild a tempest; were it false,
Or that I sought the ruine of your house,
Your youth and honour, then it were a time
To swell beyond all charming down, but being truth-

Clot. Truth! hence and avoid my sight, fly where the world
Promiscuously combines without distinction;
Where every man is every womans husband,
Or where it's thought a curtesie to have
A fellow labourer in the marriage bed.

These

These were a people that might bear with thee,
And fit for thee to dwell with; hence away,
And if thou lov'st thy life, acquaint thy feet
With such by paths that we may never meet. Exit.

Es. This Prince is of a nature mild and gentle,
His mothers milke's too fluent in his eies,
And much I fear his resolution:
Yet I will work him forward; she awakes (*Aphelia fires in the bed.*
I'l after him and fetch him back; if then
She scape his hate, Hell has no power with men. (Ex. Es.

Aphe. Oh, oh, oh, help, help my Lord and husband;
O my Father, my Lord and husband; help, help.
Bless me Divinity, is it but a Dream? ha the light
Gone; who waits there? *Isabel, Isalla.*

Isa. It was my Ladies voice, do's she call for help? (Ent. *Isabel.*
I cannot blame her; were I in her place I should *with a light.*
Do so too, the Prince looks like a bungler.

Aphe. Who's there? *Isabel?*

Isab. Did you call Maddam?

Aphe. Saw'st thou nothing? where is my Lord?

Isab. Is he absent? I cannot blame her then to cry for help,
I should do it my self; a Prince, a Puppit would have
Been more manly: how do you Maddam?

Aphe. All stands not well.

Isab. I believe that faithfully.

Aph. O Girl I've past the dismal'st part of night,
As ever tortur'd fancy with extremes.

Isab. If all Brides should be so tortur'd, I'd forswear
Marriage.

Aphe. Methoughts I saw my Father in a Vaule,
His silver hair made crimson with his blood;
My brother at his Herse upon his knees,
Taking a solemn oath for his revenge;
Yet all this while fancy so fool'd my sense,
Methought that I was here, where on the instant,
My Lord in preparation for my bed,
Was by an ugly fiend ravisht from hence
And hurried to destruction; here I awak'd,

And trust me *Isab.* I scarce believe
But what I saw was reall; heard'st thou nothing?
Isab. I heard discourse of people in your Chamber
Some half an hour since, but they went forth,
And to my seeming full of discontent,
But know not who they were.
Aphe. Oh it is too true;
I'l to my Fathers, my Prophetique soul
Sits like a Mine of lead within me; come
Help me to mourn my Girl, for this sad night
Bents a funerall, not a Bridall night. (*Exeunt ambo.*
Clot. I am resolv'd *Castrane*, i'l be cruel, (*Enter Clotair and the Eunuch.*
Since she's defil'd; and like a Christal well
Has her spring poyson'd by the enemie,
For which it's death for the beseig'd to taste,
Such are adulterate waters; say *Eunuch*,
What read'st thou in our brow? speak truly man.
Eu. A foolish grudging of the Mother still.
Clot. A settled resolution my black Saint,
Not to be altred by the brackish tears
Which flow in pregnant cies of easie women.
Slack pietie,
And rise black vengeance from the depth of hell,
And fate me her destruction; lock up in me
The Organs of remorse, all faculties
That write me man, or mankind; create
A spirit of horror in me, apt me to look
Upon such deeds nature would tremble at,
And the discreet composure of the world
Melt and dissolve to nothing, whilst I unmov'd
Smile at the alteration; infuse such soul,
And I shall then behold all crueltie
Human invention e'r was guiltie off,
And whilst I groan under extremitie,
Stand and applaud the Executioner;
My honour calls for vengeance, and i'l do: ha, (*drawes his*
How? she gone, and I have lost mine anger too. *Dagger & goes*
Eu. But whether is she gone, to some new Groom, *to the bed.*

Who

Who being fool'd her expectation,
Will make thee Cuckold on thy wedding night.
Clot. Thou hast awak'd me, I know where she is,
Hell, nor her darker deeds shall hide her from me,
Who waits, Lackey? *Exit. Lackey.*
Lack. My Lord.
Clot. Where is thy Lady? where's *Aphelia?*
Lack. She's even now gone forth.
Clot Gone forth, with whom?
Lack. There was one with her, but whether man or
Woman I am uncertain; but sure 'twas a man,
She would not dare to venture out so late else.
Clot. Get to thy rest. *(Exit Lackey.*
I'l take thy word *Eunuch* for the Kingdoms wealth.
Eu. Oh do you begin to credit now,
Now when perhaps it is to late, this comes of patience;
Clot. Turn patience into fury, love to hate,
My softer temper to a heart of steel;
Respect of wedlock and the sacred vow
Made 'fore the holy Altar to the Priest,
Thus I do fling ye off; revenge shall move
About our bridall bed instead of love. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. II.

Enter Clovis, Lamot, *and three or four of the Guard.*

Clo. Upon your lives let no man passe that way.
Om. Guard. Your Grace shall be obey'd in all.
Clo. If he resist or offer violence, knock out his brains;
There's your reward, be carefull and begone.
Om. Guard. God preserve the Monsiure. *(Exit Guard.*
Clo. You shall possess the Cave, my self will in
And visit these night Revellers, such sport
I will administer shall make them dance
Lavalto's in the air, here's that shall fidle to them.
Have you the habit *Strephon*?
Lam. With these hands
I did disrobe the statue of your Father,

And they are ready—

Cle. Landrey, blood doth swell
The Monsieur's thoughts, to send thy soul to Hell.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE III.

Enter Landrey, *musick above, and this Song.*

The Song.

Wisdome bids us shun the Court,
What great men do, fame will report;
Here we may enjoy each other,
And no eye our loves discover.
I will make thee choice of posies,
Beds of Cassia mixt with Roses,
Where we'l toy, and kisse, and play
Pleasures till the worn day dies:
All our sorrow, if thou'rt wary.

Lan. If I will tarry, let me wither here,
Within these sacred walls let me expire,
And spend the remnant of my life that's left,
In service of the Deitie lives here,
The air's perfum'd each soon thorugh which I walk,
Banquets the senses, courts the appetite
Of every faculty that makes up man,
To complement it into paradice.
If then Elysium's here, where are those shades,
Those blessed apparitions Poets feign?
Appear my Goddess and out sing the Poets! (*Enter Queen.*
Reality of fancy that excell'st
The faint expressions of a lazie tongue,
Whose house is roof'd with flesh, to tell thy worth,
Tongues tip'd with immortality would faint in't.

Qu. Excellent servant, what house do you write too?
Poet and Actor both? why, this sudden rage,
Your eares are too narrow for your eies?
Pray spare your Optiques sir for *Venus* service.

Lan. No,
I'l play the prodigall with my precious sight,

And

And spend it all on you; to view your second
Were such a happiness, after the which
It were a sin to see more.
Qu. bless me *Rablais*,
And all ye foster phansies of the *French*;
What ails the man? my *Laundry* Laureat.
Lon. It is my Queen that's Laureat, whose blest sight
Creates a Poet; this divine feature
Heaven onely made to make man ingenious.
Qu. Is this *Extempore*, or have you hir'd
Some hackney Muse acquainted with the road
Of vulgar exorcisms to charm cheap beauties;
Take up, at this speed else your Muse will founder.
Laud. Founder, and have her foundert by? with patience
Here but these poor expressions of your worth,
Which faintly paint forth your perfections,
And you shall blesse my Muse.
Qu. Wee'l hear your jigg.
How is your Ballad cid'd? come pronounce.

Laudrey Reads.

From head to foot, Fredigond bore
Far excelling beauties Queen;
Had Jason but beheld her hair,
The golden Fleece had nev'r seem'd fair;
Those stars which mortals suppose eyes,
Were ascendant in the skies,
When it fell to Venus *lot*
That little Cupid *was begot.*
Her tongue in which the Spheres do move,
Organ of divinest love,
Was by Apollo *fram'd, that he*
From hence might learn more harmonie;
Who neats her teeth, and lips discloses,
VValls of Pearl, and gates of Roses;
Two leaved doores that lead the way
Through her breath'e Arabia,
To which would Cupid *grant that blisse,*
I'd go a pilgrimage to kisse:
Those hills of snow which on her breast Rise

Rise swelling with their double crest,
Mote Parnassus mount also, whence
The Muses suck their eloquence;
Whose part which we will not disserve.
Here I imagine that's a lover.
Like Juno she doth go,
Like Pallas talk and sow,
Like Venus in her bliss,
Each kisse a Cupid is,
And her hands as white as snow.
From head to foot my Mistrist been
For smelling beauties Queen.

Qu. Leave these artiall Viands, talk of that
Is here substantiall; How like you the fruit?

Land. Let me for ever dwell upon these lips.

Qu. You are too greedy of these rarities,
And must be dyeted, lest surfeiting
Your appetite should sicken and so die.

Lan. Dis on your lips, O death-bed for a *Jove*;
Who's buried here, his Grave's immortall love;
Here will I dwell, and know no age nor sorrow.

Q. Yet *Childrick* knew them both.

Lan. A frosty Prince
Begot on *January* by a *Dutch* man.
And worthy of these flames he now indures.

Enter Clovis *from under the Stage with his Fathers Gown and Robes on.*

Qu. What noise is this? guard me divinitie.

Clov. What has my harshness done? she is my Mother;
My conscience tells me I was much to blame
Thus to delude her fancy; she returns.

Q. O *Childrick* I confesse 'twas I that kill'd thee,
Thine hands administred the fatal draught
That set thy soul on wing.

Clo. What do I hear?

Qu. Oh do not snatch my soul from out this world,
Till I have bath'd it in repentant tears,
And made it fit for heaven.

Clov.

Cleo. She faints again; *(he puts of his robe.*
Who waits within? come forth and lend your aid: *(Enter*
O welcome *Seraphon*; nie thy best of skill *Lords to the*
That maisters nature, and doth life restore, *sick Lady.*
Beyond the Art of *Æsculapius*;
Apply thy gentlest med'cines. *(Enter Musicians.*

Lam. Let us withdraw;
My life in answer lies, if she miscarry.

Cleo. What are ye?

Musi. Musicianes, whose obedience
Doth here attend the Queen.

Cleo. Bawds, arrant bawds;
I'll talk with you anon; in, in. *(Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Guard.

1 *Gua.* Stand close, stand close, I heard a bustling within here while.

2 *Gua.* Bustling, and they come this way here's that shall bustle them.

3 *Gua.* Fly upon him, he's drunk, and will betray us all.

Lam. I am betrayd, the Monsture seeks my life,
All waies 'gainst m'escape are forth'd;
O cruel fortune bawd to time and fate,
That sooth'st us up to make us ruinate:
For now thou know'st no cure, anon no glee,
But onely constant in inconstancie. *(Enter the Robi.*
Ha! what is here? great Goddess pardon me,
I have offended 'gainst thy Deitie.
This shall defeate the Watch, thrice blessed hap
That thus deliver'st whom they would intrap.

2 *Guard.* I will not stand, nor I cannot stand; d'ee think I'm drunk, what's that?

Om. Gua. Blesse us, O blesse us; Diabolo, Diabolo.

2 *Gua.* The Devill, what a Devil care I, keep off Devil, I say keep off, I do not fear thee, are you
Sneaking back, you cowardly Rogue, d'ee budge;
I hate a cowardly rogue, as I hate, as I hate the
Devil; take that. *(knocks him down.*

Lord. Oh, oh, oh.

Lew. Oh, oh, oh, I make you cry, oh!
What Devil made you to my way?
I'l now see what money he carries about him;
Men say the Prince of darkneſſe is a Gentleman,
But 'tis odds he has good clothes; but yet for all that
He may have no money.

Enter Queen, Clara, Lewd and Servants, Musicians.

Qu. I know not where he is, or if I did,
Before I'd yeeld him up to thy revenge,
I'l die ten thouſand deaths.

Clar. Thou glorious light, that in thy naturall Orb
Didſt comfortably ſhine upon this Kingdome,
How is thy worth eclipſ'd, what a dull darkneſs
Hangs round about thy forme? in all this piece,
To every limb wherein I once ador'd divine,
I know not where now to find out my Brother.

Qu. The Devil and diſobedience blinds your eyes.

Clar. O that I had no eyes, to you no ſhame,
Murther your Husband to arrive at luſt,
And then to lay the blame on innocence?
Bluſh, I bluſh, thou worſe than woman.

Qu. Ha, ha, ha.

Clar. Hold my heart,
You'r impudent in ſin, has your proud page
Made you thus gallant? tell me, where he is,
For if you dally with me, know this hand
Shall rip him from thy heart, though Cabin'd there.

Qu. How dar'ſt thou cloth thy ſpeech in ſuch a parale
To me thy naturall Mother?

Clar. No Mother,
Adulterate woman, ſhame of Royaltie,
I bluſh to call thee mother, thy foul luſts
Have taught me words of that harſh conſequence
That Sir-name like obedience, and do hear
With mild-becoming reverence all thy
Deliver quickly where this Lecher is,
Here hour'd be murther, for he cannot ſcape,
Left wildneſs conquering my ſofter ſenſe,

Throſt

Thrust forth my hand into an ide of horror,
And leave you breathless here.

Q. What *French* Nero's this, Girls have we here?
Insolent boy, wilt thou turn Parricide?

Clov. The subjects of my cause would exclude me
If I should execute; speak murderer,
Where have you mew'd your Monster?

Qu. Here lies the Monster, oh base Monster! was ever
This is a comick Monster; a Periwick too, this is a Comet
Monster;
D'ee gape, what in the Devils name would you have now?

Lam. Behold my Lord, the Woodcock's in the Gin,
Here lies the great *Landgrave*.

Qu. O horrid sin.

Clov. This bobbin might have ended still *Lamia*.
But Goblin now you are caught; what is he dead?

Lam. Scarce hurt my Lord; how is't? look up.

Eu. Where is the Queen?

Qu. Here *Eumenes*, thou seest in misery.

Eu. O my heart, how came the Monster hither? I saw too?

Qu. All that I know is that we are betrayd.

Eu. I'l set them packing, fear not,—— my good Lord.

Clov. Thou art a faithful servant.

Eu. Sir, the Rebels——

Clov. Give 'hem a nobler Title, by my life)
I do applaud their courage; come they on?

Eu. Yes, and *Brisac* is made their Generall.

Clov. A hopeful youth, fraught with Nobility,
And all the graceful qualities that write
Man truly honourable; my injuries
Have swell'd me up to this.

Eu. His Father's dead;

Clov. Trust me I'm sorry, grief has broke his heart,
And mine can't be too; canst thou imagine
Who was the Author of our Fathers death?

Eu. Am I betrayd? then send me Impudence,
For sure I cannot blush. Royal Sir, whom I

Clov. Our Mother with *Lamia* the Physician *Lamia*,
They ment should bear the blame; this was *Strephon*.

Es. Indeed ?——would I were safely off.

Clov. But what news with *Aphelia* and her Bridegroom?

Es. As you could wish, he's full of jealousie,
No *Frenchman* ere was more loth to go,
I've wrought him bravely on, your Physick works,
Hither I've brought *Aphelia*, to morrow
You shall hear further sport I'l warrant you,
In the mean while, what will you do with these?

Clov. *Caliste* thinks
Nature forbids me spill my Mothers blood,
And Loyalty is unfit for my revenge;
For I must study torments for the slave,
Therefore I give them up to your mercies,
Until I shall return victorious.

Qu. Observ'd you that, there is some comfort yet.

Clov. Then we'l down and rise of them, if we fall
Let *Ghost* point them out a fast traile
Reward these with the whip, these with thy purse,
His merit is two hundred Caroluses, perform it.

2. Guard. Drink, I adore the drink; good fellows all,
Sometimes we rise by drink, but oftner fall. (*Ex. 2 Guard.*

Clov. A moral drunkard, go away with them; (*Ex. Eunuch,*
And on your life let them not live from hence. *Mufician,*
Now my revenge grows to maturity. *Hamlet & Queen.*
Wee'l to *Damain* (*Lisset*, and joy with him)
Now *France* thou lieft a bleeding, thou shalt prove
What 'tis to crosse the Monsieur in his love. (*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Brisac, Damain, Bourbon, Lisset, Marcel,

Dam. FOr certain then the Princes are at odds.

Bris. Yes, and the ground the marriage of my sister.

Bourb. The Ulcerous sore is ripe, and we must launce it.

Bris. The King doth Wooe my sister; she's not his,

But

But true and lawfully the Monsieur's wife.

Dum. Did not one Surgeon wait upon the Monsieure?

Brif. What's his condition?

Dum. A Surgion, and famous for the cure o'th Prince,

Brif. Yes, such there was, but litle noti'd at Court.

Dum. That was *Lamot* our fait and noble friend.

Mari. There's some design on foot that hinders him,
He would not else neglect us.

Within, the Monsieur, the Monsieure, ho, ho, ho,

Brif. What noise is that *Lamot*, step forth and see.

Du. O death we are suppris'd, the Monsiure, suddenly (*again*
Snared, let each man to his charge. (*again.*

Bourb. Harke, still the noise increaseth.

Brif. By the sound, this is a shout of joy and not of dread;
Lamot the news? (*Ex. Lamot, the Monsieure, Lamot & others.*

Monsi. Brissac, Dumain, Martel, and you the rest,
Think not I come a Traytor to your Camp;
I cannot gild my speech with eloquence,
If this will serve you sir, I am a friend.

Brif. The Monsieur's welcome, and his worth will grace
The dignity of this dayes work in hand.

Monsi. My almost Brother once, suffice I thank you,
And fairly greet this brave assembly,
Whose souls do look for stirring opposites,
When your resistance I fear will be slender;
But were they centupul'd, I'll fight your cause,
Kings arm their subjects when they break their laws.

Omnes. Long live the Monsieure.

Monsi. Lead on, away. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE. II.

Enter the Eunuch, whilst the waits play softly, and solemnly; drawes the Curtain, wherein the Queen sits at one end bound with Landrey *at the other, both as asleep.*

Eu. Here sits our Beldam dieted for Venerie,
And by her, her *Landrey* now fur fetted;
Her Ladyship's allow'd a mouldie cruft,

He sinking water to preserve our life.
Betweene them both they hamper like one slave,
Condemn'd perpetually to the hard'ning.
They think I know not that they thus are us'd,
When 'tis only I that use them thus.
How wickedly they look, oh I could laugh
To hear them rail at others misery,
He curses her, and she sooth curses him,
And both each other damn for their offences.
Learn ye that pamper up your flesh for lust,
The Eunuch in his weakedneis is just. Play louder, they sleep too long.

Ca. A mischief take these keeper, hardned dog,
Whom no distress can melt or mollifies,
The cruell King doth not deny us sleep,
Although the Nurses of it, food and ease.

Eu. Peace, peace, ye villains cease that ruder noise
That breaks your softer slumbers gentle Queen,
I am not guilty of these harsh-voic'd words
Your wilder fence hurls at me; you mistake,
I am your Eunuch, one that weeps for you.

Qu. Oh *Castrato*, will not those tears in vain,
Come hither and I'l catch those falling drops
Which prodigally over-flow their banks;
There's Nectar in thine eye, oh let me drink it,
These aged Cesterns are grown drie, and yeeld
Not one relenting drop to ease my thirst.
Castrato pitty me, my veins are parcht,
And this same flesh which walls about my soul,
Chops with excessive heat; a little water
Castrato, but a little, though it hath been
The birth of Toads, or what the leapers bath'd in;
Oh shew thy love but in a little measure,
What can a Queen ask less, or you grant her?

Eu. Though I be traitor to her, yet I do it. (*Exit Eunuch.*

Qu. It hath quencht half my thirst and four more pitty
Land. I cannot bite my fingers ends, their tyranie
Denyes me what's mine own to feed upon.

One

One mouthfull we did crave, we cannot get it,
Poor unfed men that paſſe along the ſtreet,
I now am ſenſible of what ye want,
Did I e'r think to die for want of food,
Whoſe Table was the world, from whence I cull'd
The rarities of nature to delight me,
And more to feed my laſt thin Appetite?
One bit of bread, though it were gray with age,
Hoary and cruſted with a ſecond barke,
Whoſe loathed outſide would not court a Dog
Arm'd with the edge of appetite, would ſeem
A rare rich banquet to my emptie gorge;
Oh I am worn to nothing with this want,
Such emptineſs he's hunger made of me,
That you may draw me on another man.
Some bread, ſome bread.

Enter Eunuch with Wine and Meat, he enquires with great reverence and ceremony to the Queen.

Qu. Oh thou art welcome,
Quick, dear Eunuch quick; what needs this delay?
Away with form and ceremonious duty,
Reſpect in this is too ſuperfluous.
Eu. O give me leave, I will begin a health;
It's very good, exceeding pleaſant Wine.
Qu. Doſt thou deride my ſufferance?
Eu. No, no, not I.
Qu. Give me the drink then, I'm all flame and fire.
Eu. Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? then you muſt pardon me,
I love your life, and it's dangerous
To drink while you are hot, pray cool and tarry
In the mean while I will begin to you;
How neat and pleaſing this is to the Palate,
A ſweeter Pleaſure Chriſtendom affords not.
Lord. I thank thee Eunuch, prethee give it me.
Eu. You'l let me taſte it for you, will you not?
Are you ſo ſharply ſet? for this Sauce is naught.
Lord. Prethee make haſt, hunger edges ſo mine,

Eu.

Es. Come sir, I must feed you, oh, oh, not so fast.
Be not so hasty; here, till you are not so hasty. (he puts it to his
Gentle sir it will digest the better. mouth & puts it away again.
Lond. More, more, oh it is excellent.
Es. Madam, here's for you now.
Qu. May heaven reward them for't, oh it's rare.
Es. How do you like your banquet great Landry?
Lond. Beyond compare.
Es. And you your drink?
Qu. The Gods taft not the like,
Es. Ha, ha, ha, y'have both eat and drunk abominable poyson.
Qu. Ha!
Lond. How!
Es. 'Tis true, I tell your Oracle,
There's not an hours life between ye both;
The poyson's sure, I did prepare it for ye,
And have my self taken an Antidote.
What say now to th'other house with a vengeance?
I can procure a second meeting for you.
Indeed I can; think you not whore dome sweet
Now you are a dying? is not your soul at ease,
The murther of your Husband but a flea-biting? alack you feel it not.
Qu. Inhumane slave, treacherous Rascal.
Es. Good words, Lady whore, good words: what are you loose? (Landry gets loose.
Miraculous famine, ha's your surgery gun
Perswaded you to valour? will it scratch or bite?
I'm sure't has no weapon. Monsieur disarm it. (shews a knife
Lon. Hedid so Rascal, yet your curious search
Ne'r prid into this sheath; do you see this? pulls out of his
With mine own hands it had let forth mine shews, haggers
own life, with fairness.
Had the proud Monsieurs trusted us to spy,
Thy self excepted, whom I now perceive
The onely Author of our misery. (The Eunuch trips
You'r very nimble Hell-hound. up his heels in scuffle
Es. O Lord sir, you know the cause, and sits on him.
I'm

I'm lighter by a stone or two than you,
Yet I am weight enough to keep you down;
Scie and thou dy'st ——— now sir, what say you to me?
How did you like your old Queen? was she gamesome?
Did she apply her self like an apt whore
Unto your looste inclinacies?
Lord. Dog let me rise.
Es. Good my Lord pardon me,
Under your Graces favour let it pass,
You are our cushion, and I'll sit on you.
I am not very heavie, am I sir? (Unresponsible.
I do not altogether weigh a man.
Qu. Villanous Traytor,
O let him rise, and wreak thy spite on me.
Es. You beg now, you'd not have I should kill.
Qu. O spare him, brave man, I have saved thy servant,
And I'll forgive thee all thy former spight me;
There's not an injurie thou dost to him,
But wounds me to the soul.
Es. Pray then look there,
How easily this Sheen is eat into him;
An Eaglue of his own preparing Ladie,
And pittie't were so brave a Gentleman,
Such a neat hopeful whore-master as he,
Should die by any poyson but his own.
So perish all that love Adulterie.
There, sit you there again: once more to you, (Sets him in his Chair.
Who if your poyson do not work too fast,
Shall see more fights like these before you die;
But lest you should prevent us with your tongue,
I will be bold to gag your Ladyship;
I'll leave a peeping hole through which you shall
See fights, shall kill thee faster than thy poyson; (Draws the Curtain again.
I am prepar'd now for Apollo's death.
All things are ready, and behold the King.
Now for my part. (Exit Crouch-back.
Ha. I am too pitifull, a weak fool
Which soft and tender hearted men call vertue,

Stand on mine eies, and do expresse a nature
Too like my Bearer; it is now with me
Full tide in sorrow, my Cynthia governs strongly.

Em. How fares the great *Clotair*?

Clot. What do the wise,
Castrate, call the moisture which presumes
To meditate betwixt my wrath and me?

Em. Expressions of a weak and silly nature.
Passion of fools and women; are you a man
And bear so tame a soul, such a smock spirit?
The Distaff owns more spleen, more noble anger;
Pray let her live untill the Pages write
An hopping balladry verse rime upon you,
Great *Clotair* had a wife and she was faire,
Yea fairer than the flowerie meads in May. (*soothingly.*
Oh she was faire, yet fouler than sinfull sence;
Oh it is horrid; then so conclude
In what a high stream you did take revenge,
How like your house and honour, back, how she dies.
Strangled in tears fall'n from the Cuckolds eies;
You are her husband sir, and now must own
Her doubtfull issue, and her lawlesse lust,
Although a Bull should leap her, you must father,
And have a drove of forked Animals,
Shall have their horns born with them to the sound,
'Twill save their prodigall wives the reaching labour.

Clot. Merry a Whore? father a ballard issue?

Em. I tell you truth, there's no avoiding it.

Clot. Come bring her forth. (*Exit Apeche drag'd by two Abp.* Use not such violence good Gentlemen, *Rather in her*
I'l walk a lamb to slaughter, not repine *pettie sir & pain.*
At any torments you shall put me too,
Onely be modest; commend me to my Lord,
I doubt I never shall behold him more;
For by the calculation of your looks
I have not long to live.

Clot. True *Apeche*, confesse turn thy face; give me to know
With what foul Monster thou hast wrong'd thy soul,

Seam-

Scam-rent that holy weed, Virginitie;
And eas'ne of a load that bears more weight
Than what my youthful sins have heap'd upon me.

Aphe. If e'r my Lord—

Clot. No more of that, it tends to madness;
I'l force it from thee; bring forth the tortures there;
I'l trie if in these fiery instruments
There lie a tongue, which better can perswade
Confession from thee: these red hot applied
Unto thy breast adulterate, shall extract
All future hope to suckle lawless issue;
The poysonous springs which from these hills arise,
Shall have their fountain head dam'd up by these.

Aphe. I've heard you swear, that you were poor in words,
And knew not to express the happiness
Which you conceiv'd was habitable here.
How much my Lord is altred from himself!

Clot. I'is thou art altred, true *Aphelia*,
That whilst thy purer thoughts did awe thy will,
I lov'd like an idolater: I was possest
That these two twins, these Globes of flesh, contain'd
All that was happy both in earth and heaven;
In this I could descrie the Milkey way,
The swadling Zone that girds the wide of heaven;
In this the seat of Paradice, and how
The wanton Rivelets plai'd about the Isle
Which puzzel yet Geographie: all this I could;
I could in thee my sometime chast *Aphelia*
Find and rejoyce in; but thou art now
An undrest wilderness wherein I walk,
Losing my self 'mongst multitude of beasts;
O savage actions! Come dispatch.

Aphe. Sir—?

Clot. I'l hear no more.

Aphe. Heaven will then;
And though it bear an ear far distant hence,
Both hear and pitty me. O my lov'd Lord,
Should but a dream work on my fancy,

That you were thus to suffer as I am,
It would conspire to kill me with more speed
Than these your threatning murtherers; alas,
I'l force a gentler nature in the steel,
And with my rainy eies weep out their heat;
Which as it dies should hiss at self to scorn,
For offering to contain but fire to hurt you;
And will you then a bold protector hand,
Smiling at what I suffer? find but one tear,
Or counterfeit a sorrow for my sake,
A little seeming woe, and I shall die
Sick of your kindnesse, not your cruelty.

Clar. O my soft stopper, her sweet harmonie
Will make me into fool; to hear these words,
The Mother is to busie in mine eies;
What shall I do?

Ess. Make a new Hell,
And if thou canst, create more Devils, do,
And they will find imployment all on her;
For since the generall Creation,
Time never did produce a fowler sinner,
Or one more beggar'd hell in punishing.

Clar. Thou hast awak'd me; Where will you confesse?
Do not inforce your death through wilfulnesse; *(Clar. to her.*
Speak stubborn silence, or I'l break thy heart. *she bars.*

Aphe. My Lord and Husband, oh my Lord and husband,
Regard my miserie and pittie me.

Clar. Thou'rt cruel to thy self, I wrong thee not;
It is not I that tear this precious Fleece, *(Again.*
This glorious excrement, in wilfulnesse;
Another *Cholcus* better seeming *Jason*.
I pull not off these curious sporting Tresses, *(Again.*
Plt braids to Captive Kings hadst thou been honest.
I wound thee not, confesse, and live as free
As mountain air, I will not injure thee.

Aphe. My gracious Prince, I dare not call you husband,
Your affians do forbid, which write me slave
And not your equall; If to be your wife

Has

Has pluckt this military plume upon my head,
Or cans'd to run this phrenetic out of me,
I will indure it patiently, & live!

Clot. The old cuse dies, come, come, the Worm there.

Apb. Oh, oh, oh cruel my Lord, you may kill her so
I will not curse yet heaven, no nor blaspheme
Although mine injuries cannot call for pardon,
Gods are not, or are deaf to innocents.

Sould. Arm, arm, my Lord, the Castle's wall'd about
With living Clay, three times ten thousand men,
Approved Warriers, fools of blood and fire,
That onely know to do, and not to suffer,
Make head against you, believe me Sir,
A braver Troop, and fpicier never put in action,
Like never put in action, never saw,
Now old enough to quit his Fathers death,
Together with the ruine of his Sister,
Has vow'd destruction to your name and Race.

Clot. Let them come on, dare, dare them to do their worst,
This Castle will indure a fortnights siege,
Before the expiration of which time,
My Brother with his fellow Peers of France,
Shall whip these Rebels for their insolence,
Know'st thou ought else, why dost thou shake thy head?

2 *Sould.* Fly, fly, my Lord. (*Exeunt omnes Soldiers.*

Clot. Villain, it is no language for a Prince. (*Strikes him.*

2 *Sould.* Then stand upon your guard, yet that's as bad,
The Castle's wall'd about with walking fire,
And your best hope, your death in your escape,
If you stay here, provoke it.

The Monsur, like the God of war, bestrides
A bounding Courser, who is therefore proud
To be so back'd, as knowing whom he bears,
So Centaur-like he's stack'd to his seat,
As he had twind with the proud steed he rides on;
He grows unto his saddle all one piece,
And that unto his Horse, who thus unmov'd,
Sits like a *Perseus* on his *Pegasus*,

Stable and fleet. Who at head of all his Troops,
With words inflames 'em more did burn before,
But now appear much brighter, their glittering armes
Reflecting 'gainſt the Sun, doth lightning make,
Unto which blaze, their Drums and Horſes hoofs
Do not want much of Thunder: ſuch is the ſhow,
As if great *Mars*, angry with humane race,
Did lead the Gods to battel 'gainſt the Earth.

Ex. How does your Grace? how fares your Majeſtie?

Cla. The Monſur? did he not name the Monſur?

2 Sould. I did my Lord.

Cla. Is he joyned with them too?
Then Doome-day is at hand. I ſee my ruine.
Go to the Caſtle walls to ſummon them
To render an accompt of their intents.
Ask the proud Monſur (though I know the cauſe)
Why his preſumptious and ambitious foot,
Have on the boſome of his mother earth,
Made a broad road of treaſon? go, begone. (*Ex. Souldiers.*
Caſtruccio thou doſt love me, I am ſure thou doſt,
I have ſuch proofs of thy true hearted love,
That I muſt put my life into thy hands.
Thou ſee'ſt how all things ſtand, my wife he's falſe,
Her brother ſeeks my life, the Monſur's thoughts
(Back'd with the ever factious fools of Rome)
Aim at the Gallick Crown and dignities,
Whil'ſt I a caitiff and neglected Prince
Muſt fall by traytors hands.

Ex. What mean you Sir?

Cla. Look, here's a Piſtoll in whoſe wombe lies death
A heavie leaden ſleep.

Ex. Would you ſhould
Trie the concluſion here? make her confeſſe
By other inſtruments her horrid guilt,
In this there's too much mercy.

Cla. Hear me ſpeak,
I'l trouble her no further; let her ſin
Be puniſh'd from above, I'l wait heavens leiſure.

Here Eunuch take thou this, it was prepar'd
For the adulterate Lucifer, love, receive it,
And if thou lov'st me use it upon me,
Come shoot me through, I know I shall be slain,
(If not by thee, yet by the swords)
And therefore to prevent the bitter scorn
Of the insulting foe (which is a death
So full of horror to the conquer'd,
No Tyranny is like it. Use this handfull,
The hatefull'st weed that nature ever produce
In the large Storehouse of her providence,
Can shew no simple like it; for this cures
At once, the sickness of the mind and body.
Thou shalt, I know thou wilt, I prethee take it,
It is not murder, tender-hearted fool
Which thou commits, rather a sacrifice,
For which heaven will reward thee.

Eu. I do not know the nature of your Gods,
Yet on your words I'l trie their kindness.

Clot. Nobly resolv'd, come shoot me quickly then.

Eu. I never was like to express my fellie
Than at this minute; do not betray me tears, *(aside.*
The *Eunuchs* nature must be harsh and cruell.

Aphr. O spare him *Eunuch*, spare him, save my Lord,
And I'l forgive thee all thy sins 'gainst me.

Eu. Peace foolish woman, 'tis thou shalt kill'st thy Lord,
Were't not for thee he might live long and happy;
Pray let me kisse your hand, and take my leave
Of my best best Master.

Clot. Do't and be sudden then: ah what means this? *(aside)*

Eu. Marry sir this treason, *(puts his hand to his sword)*
That if this fail, this shall perform the deed; *(puts his sword)*
Think not but I will kill you, do not fear,
I am the excellen'st be alive at these same toyes,
Look here my cousin'd fool I do not bungle. *(shews Lucifer)*

Clot. Are these dead then? *(touches the Bodies)*

Eu. As sure as you live, pray ask them else
Unlesse this Ewes flesh too intense in heat

Be

Be lingring yet behind; for's fear of
But in her dying eare
Look Queen, here's the top-branch of all thy Family,
Mark but how kindly
Clo. Then I perceive I have been much abus'd,
So ha's my chatter Queen; oh my curst fate!
Eu. Oh, do you so, do you so.
Qu. Oh, oh, oh. (*Swoones.*
Eu. There broke a Strumpets heart; hear me King,
Thy Mother was a foul adulteress,
A cruel butcheress of innocents,
Witnesse thy brother, that thy Mother's false,
Witnesse thine own eyes that beheld the fall
And ruine of the *Dauphin* I am by,
Thy Mother's deep in blood, for which she's damn'd:
You ravisht fair *Clotilda*, *Clotharius*,
Your valiant Uncle, brother to his Queen,
Was for the foul fact slain; for which mistake,
Dunain, *Lamet*, *Marius* (*Lords*)
And the abus'd *Clotilda*, if by flight
She had not sav'd her life, had fall'n with them:
I knowing this, and ev'ry piercing
The wrongs that they indur'd,
Have found it time thus to revenge them.
Clo. What were their wrongs to this?
Eu. I'll not Capitulate
I hear my time is short. (*I have a brief*
Clo. How fain would I preserve my life from death,
Since my *Aphelia*'s a chast; to think her false,
(Nor that ill fear the foe) made me dispair
Of fuller comforts. *Eustach*, spare my life,
I will forgive thee, and reward thee too,
Remember who it is that sues to thee.
Eu. In that remembrance I have left my self,
I cannot fail him; my defence lies in
Yet more in his princely person; take your sword,
But on condition thou, thou shalt swear
By thy descent, thy princely parentage,

By

By the wrong'd souls of all those innocents
To thy lust satisfi'd, by *Aphelia's* fall,
Or any thing thy soul shall hold more dear,
Upon receipt, to guide the fatal point
Directly to thy heart.

Clot. Why would'st thou so?

Eu. Pish, I'l teach thee to be speedy in the fact;
Remember how thy Royall Father fell;
Behold thy Mother murther'd by this hand;
Into thy bosome cast thine inward eyes,
And view the sorrows I have heaped on thee:
Look on *Aphelia*, and let her wrongs
Prompt thy slow hand to this most timely slaughter;
I cannot brook delay, or do, or suffer.

Clot. A Heathen, and a Traytor die with thee.

Eu. A Christian Heathen *Clotair* if thou wilt,
Made so by thee; read that and break thy heart.

(*Enter the Monsieur and his Company.*

Mo. Force ope the doors, seize on his Royal person: *Clotair*
Thou are the Monsieur's prisoner; Tyrant say,
Where is *Aphelia* your Adultéress? (*Stands.*

Clot. It makes no matter where.

Brif. O my dear Sister, O my dearest life.

Dum. See Noble Lords,
Here lies that Hel-hound *Eunuch*; villain up,
And tell us who ha's done these fatall deeds.

Eu. They'r ne'r all'd to thee that did these Acts,
Chrotilda and a woman.

Dum. Villain thou lie'st, my sister's gone a weary pilgrimage,
And for this many years with grief I speak it,
Been travel'd none knows where.

Clot. What am I?
What strange and uncouth thing?

Eu. A raviſher,
And better to instruct thee in thy self;
Had not *Chrotilda* been, incestuous.

Omnes. Hold, hold your Royal hand; what will you do?

Clot. What else but follow her; shall *Clotair* live?

A Captive to his Brother, slave to sin,
Inthral'd in wedlock that's nin cestuous,
O ravisher and murtherer of kindred,
There's no way left to rid me but my sword,
Of all these ills at once. Oh wrong'd *Chrisilda*!

Dum. My sister?

Clot. I *Dumain*, no Exchequer shee's
No sun-burnt vagabond of Æthiope,
Though entertain'd for such by *Frodigond*.
I say here lies thy ravisht sister slain
By me the ravisher.

Dum. Hold, hold, my heart.

Eu. Lend me thy hand *Clotair*, have I thy hand?

Clot. Thou mistrabus'd of women kind, thou hast.

Eu. I should have kill'd thee King, and had put on
A masculine spirit to perform the deed;
Alas how frail our resolutions are!
A womans weakness conquer'd my revenge:
I'd spirit enough to quit my Fathers wrongs;
And they which should have seen me act that part,
Would not believe I should so soon prove haggard:
But there is something dwels upon thy brow
Which did perswade me to humanitie;
Thou injur'dst me, and yet I spar'd thy life;
Thou injurd'st me, yet I should fall by thee;
And like to my soft sex, I fall and perish.

Clot. Speak, live ever speak: *Chrisilda, Chrisilda.*

Dum. My Sister's in mine eies, this brave revenge
Should have been mine, and not thy act *Chrisilda*;
Away salt rheume, *Chrisilda* laught at thee,
Her spirit is more manly.

Apro. I must weep too,
Mine injuries and hers are so near kin,
That they must bear each other company
In tears of blood and death: my
For my griev'd heart too long with earth,
Would gladly seek a way to find out rest.

Clot. Art thou joyn'd with her too against thy self?

Will my *Aphelia* leave me? pardon sweet,
My love is fatall, and too well thou know'st
The deadly proof in fair *Christilla* death;
Yet leave me not though I refrain thy bed,
And must abandon all those thoughts of love
Which married couples use; yet we may sit
And gaze upon each other, tell sad tales
Of ruin'd Princes, wrong'd Virginitie;
And when our utterance is tyr'd by speech,
We'l sit and sigh a sad parenthesis,
And then proceed again, then sigh again
A silent *Chorus* to our History;
Our tears shall keep our sorrows ever green,
Still springing, never ripe: shall we do thus
To lengthen out our grief?

Aphe. For ever King,
The hand of heaven lies on me; for I feel
My inward and externall injuries
Wrestle with life, in which condition
My soul is worried by that Tyrant death.
I must forsake thee *Clotair*

Clot. Stay awhile, it is unkindly done to leave me thus:
O she is gone, for ever, ever gone;
And I stand prating here between them both,
The fatall cause of death unto them both.
Wilt thou not break proud heart, I prethee break,
Prove not a Rebell to thy Prince like these;
It's well there is some loyaltie in thee yet;
Thou art commanded by me-- (*She Kingfaints.*

Brif. Gracious my Liege.

Clot. Charles I have injur'd thee, and thee *Domain*;
Can ye forgive me?

Brif. Good your Grace
Call back your spirits, think what's to be done.

Clot. I consider well, and the new King,
The quondam Mounsieur shall not denie me this;
Half of the honours of the dead *Landry*
We do confer on thee, the other half

Be thine *Dumain*; *Charles* shall be Duke of *Fraunce*,
Thou of the Palace Major: this is our will.
Dum. Great King, you are not yet so neer your end,
Forsend it heaven.
Brif. Look up my Gracious Lord.
Monsi. My Royall Brother?
Clot. I begin to faint,
A darknesse like to death hangs on mine eies;
Lend me thine hand *Brissac*, and thine *Dumain*,
Good gentle souls when ye shal mention me,
And elder time shall rip these stories up,
Dissected and Anatomiz'd by you;
Touch sparingly this story, do not read
Too harsh a comment on this loathed deed,
Lest you inforce posterity to blast
My name and Memory with endlesse curses;
Call me an honourable murtherer,
And finish there as I do.
(He dyes.
Dum. O Noble Lord,
Whose fame was very essence to his soul;
That gone, the other fled, choosing to die,
Rather then live a King in infamy.
Monsi. A heavie spectacle of grief and woe
Have we beheld since our arivall here;
Take up the body of the King, and these
That for his love on either hand lie slain,
They shall lie buried in one Monument;
And take up these; this was a Royall Queen
When virtue steer'd her thoughts; but we may see,
When we turn foes to good, to vice a friend,
We fall like these, and like these thus we end.
A dead March within.

FINIS.

454. HEMINGS (WILLIAM). The Fatal Contract, A French Tragedy. As it Was Acted With Great Applause by her Majesties Servants. Small 4to, full polished mottled calf, gilt, gilt edges, by Riviere.

London: Andrew Pennycuicke, 1654

Cited by Hunter in his "New Illustrations" of "Twelfth Night."